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SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



MR. TREE AS PETRUCHIO AND MRS. TREE AS KATHARINE AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANGFIER, GLASGOW.

"THE CAT AND THE CHERUB," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

The exciting week of the Cambridgeshire has witnessed a race no less momentous to those whom it concerns. The horses were in this case two plays of Chinese life that have been written by Americans, and the question was—who would be first in the field? On Saturday night the Lyric opened with "The Cat and the Cherub," the company having arrived at Southampton on Thursday from New York, while on Monday "The First Born" was put on at the Globe Theatre by a company that had landed at Liverpool on Saturday. Both pieces have been racing and chasing one another for a long time. Each of them is based on stories by Mr. Chester Bailey Fernald, one of whose stories, entitled "The Cherub Among the Gods," appears in the November number of the *Century*. Mr. Fernald is the son of a naval constructor. He has spent most of his life in San Francisco, living chiefly in the quarter known as Chinatown, where he has studied Chinese life, and become a friend, admirer, and supporter of John Chinaman. Though his stories of Chinese life first gave him literary and theatrical fame, its artistic possibilities and adaptabilities interest him less than our tardy recognition of it as human at all. Mr. Fernald, it may be said in parenthesis, graduated at Stanford University, in California, and it was there he struck up his friendship with Mr. Holbrook Blinn, his producer, manager, and principal actor, and with him he used to edit the *College* magazine. It may, indeed, be stated that most of the company are San Franciscans, and know the life of Chinatown by heart. Mr. Blinn, after graduating at Stanford, drifted stagewards, his present part interesting him keenly, for, with his friend, he has made a special study of the Chinese, domestically, artistically, and socially, and has their welfare much at heart. He made his professional début in a play called "The New South," after which he was Miss Marie Ellsler's leading man for a year, and with her played in

almost every romantic standard play. Then he was with Mr. Roland Reed during the whole of last year, playing as his leading man in a number of new and old plays, leaving the company to undertake the chief part in and produce "The Cat and the Cherub" in New York.

Miss Ruth Benson, the pretty little leading lady of the company, is also a native of San Francisco, and is the daughter of a well-known American Army officer. She was educated quietly at home, and "finished" at College without any thought of a theatrical career, but numerous successes *en amateur* led her to adopt the stage professionally, and she made her début in her native city in the second rôle, Marion Wynne, in "Love on Crutches," and has since played a number of comedy parts. Miss Alethea Lucc, the nurse in the play, is a native of Chicago. She has been on the stage only some three or four years, but has already scored successes in many rôles, especially in the production of "The Wrong Mr. Wright," in which she played an eccentric character-part. Mr. Edwin Morrison has already been on the stage for some eight or nine years, and has earned a good reputation for himself, on the American boards especially, as Gecko in "Trilby," a play he also stage-managed, and later on took for a tour in Australia.

One of the incidents in Mr. Fernald's book was dramatised by Mr. Francis Powers, an actor, and produced at San Francisco in May under the title of "The First Born." So far as England is concerned, it has been the last-born, for "The Cat

and the Cherub," the play which Mr. Fernald subsequently dramatised from his own story, came in first in point of time in the race across the Atlantic, which had excited theatrical people for a whole week; so that injustice (if any) of prior dramatisation has been balanced in this country.

Both plays centre round childhood in a rather startling way, which is new in modern drama, at any rate. The story of "The Cat and the



HWAH KWEE, HOO KING, AND THE CHERUB.



WING SUN LOUEY AND AH YOI.



WING SHEE.

“THE FIRST BORN,” AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.

Photographs by Byron.



AN ALLEY-WAY IN CHINATOWN.



A STREET SCENE.

"Cherub" is in this wise. Hoo King, the rich merchant of One Eye Alley and Hatchet Run, had an only son, Hoo Chee, the "Cherub," and a niece, Ah Yoi. Chim Fang, a villainous opium-den keeper, wanted to marry the girl, who really loved Wing Sun Louey, the son of a learned doctor, Wing Shee, so he kidnapped Hoo Chee in the hopes of getting the girl *plus* a money reward. He was tracked down, however, by the young lover, who rescued the child from the opium den, but was struck dead by Chim Fang in the act, before the very door of the merchant's house. From this point the interest of the play turns on the learned doctor, who is animated by a desire for revenge and who carries out his purpose with diabolically cool cunning. Having satisfied himself that Chim Fang is the murderer—for he has found the child in the opium-den—he induces the kidnapper to have a chat with him on New Year's Night. The pair sit on a bench in the darkness, the doctor telling Chim Fang his suspicions with almost philosophic disinterestedness. Suddenly he stuns the murderer on the head with a hatchet, and then deliberately strangles him with his pigtail. Hearing the footsteps of a policeman, he props the dead man up on the bench, lights a cigar, and goes on talking to the corpse. As soon as the unsuspecting policeman has passed, he moves slowly off, and the unsupported corpse rolls into the empty street. The effect is gruesome and thrilling beyond

"THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE."

Mr. R. C. Carton's new play at the St. James's will cause a great deal of discussion, seeing that it deals with a very delicate question. Nigil, the hero, a man essentially of religious character, was tempted by a handsome woman, and proved weak. Afterwards came horror at his sin and repentance. Was he right in his view that his transgression barred him from asking Monica, whom he loved purely, to be his wife, without making a confession, and that he had no right to make such a confession to a pure girl? Monica, when she had dragged his secret from him, told him that he had been wrong in his view. Probably most people will share her opinion—most, but not all.

The other aspect of the play presents no such difficulty. Nigil's conduct, when he finds that Belle, the beautiful, evil woman who had tempted him, has married Brian, his friend, is irreproachable. What a position to find that the woman you have loved shamefully is wife of the man you love honourably—that you have been traitor by anticipation to your friend! Fortunately, Belle cuts all knots. Life in the country with a boorish husband whose reputed wealth has proved to be a mere delusion is impossible for the beautiful, soulless woman of pleasure. It was only natural that, when the wealthy, jaded, blasé, cynical Roupell



THE FIRST BORN AND HIS MOTHER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON.

words, and it electrified a house in none too good a humour, for the light opera, "The Judgment of Paris," which preceded "The Cat and the Cherub," was not welcomed, despite the admirable singing and acting of Miss Marie Elba and Mr. Homer Lind. The acting in the Chinese play is very good. It would be difficult indeed to exaggerate the pathetic touch of the motherless Cherub (played by a tiny child, Miss Hilda Foster), as it stands, forlorn and helpless, clasping the black kitten to its heart, as if there were no hope of safety in all the world beside. Mr. Blinn is excellent as the learned doctor, and Mr. Richard Ganthony makes the figure of the opium-den keeper very repulsive.

"The First Born" is another study of a similar kind conceived in the same vein. In this case the rich merchant, Man Lo Vek, sells his wife, Looey Tsing, and steals Chan Lee, the wife of Chan Wang, to replace her; she in turn steals her only child, Chan Toy, from her first husband's house. The doubly wronged husband, Chan Wang, learns the whereabouts of the child from the merchant's deserted wife, and attempts to rescue the child, who, however, is killed in the struggle. That only adds fuel to his desire for vengeance, which is fanned into flame by Looey Tsing making love to him. He ultimately kills the man who has wronged them both, the covetous merchant, to wit. Mr. Francis Powers, the adapter of the play, appears as Chan Wang. The incidental music, as in "The Cat and the Cherub," is very weird, and the whole atmosphere of the tragedy is thrilling. These plays deserve to be seen. They may not be pleasant, but they are both very powerful in a grim, ironic way seldom or never seen on the English stage.

offered her his purse and person, she should accept him as a means of getting back to a life of luxury. That their arrangements for an elopement were needlessly complicated, so complicated that they put Nigil on his guard and caused him to try to intervene, is somewhat surprising. The scene between Brian, still infatuated by the woman and credulous, and Nigil, when he is forced to admit his former intimacy with Belle, is very effective. The device of the woman in causing Brian to fall asleep and give her a chance of escape is, perhaps, a little ultra-theatrical.

"The Tree of Knowledge" shows very fully the author's somewhat Dickensian humour, which causes very hearty laughter, and his great knowledge of stage effect. This is specially shown in the end of the first act, when Nigil sits holding the portrait of Belle in the flame of a candle as the curtain slowly falls. Consequently, it is not surprising that it appeals strongly to the ordinary playgoer, even if he finds that the fourth act is rather too long. The characters of Swaddle, the hypocritical poacher, capably presented by Mr. Shelton, and his curious daughter, "puffed up with pride and regular meals," are certain to become very popular. Mr. Alexander's part of Nigil by no means gives him full scope; but he plays it with much success in his well-known style. Mr. H. B. Irving as Roupell gave the cleverest piece of acting done by him on our stage. Miss Julia Neilson played very earnestly and cleverly in the part of the wicked woman, while Mr. Fred Terry showed decided advance in handling the part of Brian. Charming performances were given by Miss Carlotta Addison and Miss Fay Davis.

A ROMANTIC RUMMAGE.

"Curiosities of a Scots Charta Chest, 1600-1800"—what a suggestion of treasure-trove there is in the mere title! Think what it implies—a vast collection of manuscripts of every conceivable kind, hoarded religiously at a time when paper was precious and nothing was destroyed; letters, accounts, memoranda; a perfect picture, in fact, to him who can reconstruct it all, of the inner life of a family, with all the little turns and secrets and minor emotions which the staid historian must perforce discard. The busy man with a touch of disdain dubs it antiquarianism. And yet how many of our countrymen scattered throughout every county add zest to a monotonous mode of life by burrowing in the byways of an older age! Sometimes these Charta chests are of such moment that the State constitutes itself detective under the august title of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. But, valuable as their work is, what a hideous form they turn it out in—official blue-book-looking volumes, printed on poor paper, with guillotined edges! Sometimes we get a man of letters, skilled in the art in arranging his material and restoring the picture, and sufficiently well informed to know the precise frame of outside events into which it should be placed. Thus, Mr. Lang can give us a "Pickle the Spy." Sometimes a member of the lucky family that possesses the chest sits down one day to rummage, and, breathing in the atmosphere of the house to which it belongs, turns out a book that is infinitely more interesting than three-fourths of the historical novels that are written. That is what the Hon. Mrs. Atholl Forbes has done in the "Curiosities of a Scots Charta Chest, 1600-1800," which Mr. William Brown, of Edinburgh, has turned out in a beautiful shape. The family involved is that of Dick-Cunyngham, baronets, of Prestonfields, Edinburgh. Her eldest brother, Sir Robert, who died last May, entrusted her with the documents, and her second brother, Alexander, succeeded. Her youngest brother is Colonel W. H. Dick-Cunyngham, V.C., now commanding the 2nd Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders, and she herself is married to the Hon. Mrs. Atholl Forbes, the brother of Lord Forbes, Premier Baron of Scotland.

When James VI., like our future King, went to Denmark for a bride, he chose Captain John Dick for his skipper, and was so delighted with the trip that he gave him to wife a lady of royal name—to wit, the daughter of Sir Lewis Stuart, the Lord Advocate. That either created or, at any rate, emphasised, the loyalty of the Dicks to the house of Stuart. William, the child of the marriage, became a great banker, and was knighted. He advanced sixty-five thousand pounds to the Treasury to pay for the campaign which ended so disastrously at Marston Moor, and was rewarded by Cromwell with a cell in Westminster Jail, where he died in 1655, leaving a widow and family penniless. But the Dicks were not destined to wallow in poverty for long, nor to desert the Stuarts. Sir William's grandson, James, grew so wealthy that he bought the estate of Prestonfield, was made Lord Provost of Edinburgh, was baroneted in 1677, and became the confidant of the Duke of York. In 1682 he accompanied his Royal Highness on board the good ship *Gloster*, which was wrecked off Yarmouth on the voyage, two hundred souls going down. Sir James lost everything save "the twenty guineas which were in my little Pocket with my Watch and the little box with my Wife's ring and necklace," and God made him "thankfull for the wonderfull deliverance." There is a brief glimpse of his domestic life when he used to address his wife as "Dear Herte," and send his love "to littell A. D." "A. D." vanished early, despite a father's solicitude, and so his family ended in Janet, who married Sir William Cunyngham of Caprington in 1696—hence the double name of the family as we know it. Sir William was ultimately succeeded by his second son, Alexander, who reverted to his mother's name. He distinguished himself as a doctor, and was eight times President of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh. He lived eighty-two years, and had such an interesting career that the book is mainly concerned with him. The Dicks have ever been daring, down to the time of the Victoria Cross Colonel. Sir Alexander's sister Margaret ran away with Robert Keith (who became the father of Sir Robert Keith, Ambassador at the Courts of Denmark and Austria), and Sir Alexander himself, with the connivance of Allan Ramsay, bolted with his cousin, Miss Dick of Clermiston, much to his father's disgust. He was packed away on a foreign tour in 1736, accompanied by Allan Ramsay the younger, and wrote a long account of his journeyings, reprinted by his descendant in this volume.

At Rome he saw Prince Charlie, about whom he heard some strange stories. The young Chevalier, it appears, used to jump about the Pope and Cardinals "as if it were in play," and refused to kiss his Holiness's toe; but the Duke of York was "very grave, and behaved like a little philosopher." The old Chevalier was "a tall, thin, raw-boned man, with a sallow complexion and a pretty high nose." He saw the execution of the Abbé Count Trivilli, who wrote a satire against the Pope, though it was "not near so bitter as one daily wrote in our Public Paapers against the King and the Ministry." In London, on his way home, he met "Mr. Pope, the great poet." All this time his young wife was pining at home, and he himself heartily "begged the pardon of Almighty God and of both my parents for all the fits of mad obstinacy." He assured the old people that he was "entirely tam'd of all rudeness, indignation, and oyr bad habits," and that his wife was "careful, obedient, and frugal." From Milan he sent a letter to his wife—

My dearest Jessy, Love, wife, and everything else that is dear to me. I came over the Alps (he continued) to the tune of the last time I came o'er the Moor I left my Love behind Me. I leave you to sing the rest of it. No more over the Hill and far away, but down the burn, Jessy, love, and I will follow thee. I vow to God I have not been merry since I left you

till I set my face homewards in hopes of seeing you. I have often wished for the wings of a dove to flye like lightning and perch upon your throne among the braes of Clermy.

After his return home, Dick practised in Pembrokeshire, where he was living during "the '45." He gives an extraordinary account of the escape of Robert (afterwards Sir Robert) Strange, the artist, after Culloden. The young man, then a struggling engraver, had fallen in love with Miss Isabella Lumsden, and at last reached Edinburgh after the battle.

When hotly pressed, Strange dashed into the room where his lady, whose zeal had enlisted him in the fatal cause, sat singing at her needlework, and, failing other means of concealment, was indebted to her prompt invention. As she quietly raised her hooped gown, the affianced lover quickly disappeared beneath its ample contour, where, thanks to her cool demeanour and unflinching notes, he lay undetected while the uncle and baffled soldiery ransacked the house.

The friendship between Dick and the Ramsays is told in a series of very charming letters, in which all parties, including Alexander and his wife, pelt one another with gentle jingle. Allan senior on one occasion bids Lady Dick not lie in bed "with her Head too high; they say it's anemie to sleep," and her ladyship declares of a "canty epistle"—

It warm'd my Heart and made me whistle,
In spite of gloomy gloury weather;
It made my soul as Light as Feather.

The Dicks' house was visited by all the great people who passed through Edinburgh. Thus, Benjamin Franklin broke into verse over the reception he got—

Easy converse, Sprightly wit,
These we found in Dame and Knight;
Cheerful meals and balmy rest,
Beds that never Bugs molest.

Boswell counted Dick among his friends; as a matter of fact, he would fain have made the baronet's daughter Jessy his wife. Lady Anne Barnard of beloved memory was a friend of this Jessy, and in one letter gives a very amusing account of an Irish bishop who got drunk every day from drinking healths. The cleric used to toast her ladyship's mother-in-law, with whom the bishop flirted violently. "I have told him," says Lady Anne, "I will not allow her health above three times a week. He (says) I may let it alone; he'll drink it himself." The book, indeed, teems with such quaint stories. It is full of good-humoured gossip, and forms a perfect picture of an old Scottish family and a time that can never return.

IN AORA GLEN.

In yon valley I had friends once,
There I have friends no more,
For lowly lies the rafter
And the lintel of the door.
The friends are all departed,
The hearth-stone's black and cold,
And sturdy grows the nettle
On the place I loved of old.

The fires were scarce in ember,
Or the windows blank and dim,
And the song was scarce concluded,
Or the garden out of trim,
When up came good Sir Nettle
(True friend to me this day!)
And the signs of man's futility
He hid them all away.

O! black might be that ruin
Where my fathers dwelt so long,
And nothing hide the shame of it,
The ugliness and wrong;
The cabar and the corner-stone
Might bleach in winds and rains,
But for the friendly nettle
That took such a courtier's pains.

Here's one who has no quarrel
With the nettle thick and tall,
That wraps the cheerless hearth-stone
And screens the humbled wall,
That clusters on the footpath
Where the children used to play,
And guards a household's sepulchre
From all who come the way.

There's deer upon the mountain,
There's sheep along the glen,
The forests hum with feather,
But where are now the men?
Here's but the lowly *laroch*,*
Where soft the footsteps fall,
My folks are quite forgotten
And the nettle's over all.

NEIL MUNRO.

* *Laroch* (Gaelic): site of a ruined house.

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TWO FRENCH TOWERS.

The bells in the tower of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, which have been silent for many years, are going to be put in order, and in six months we shall hear their pleasant music. The idea of putting a chime into this tower, rising between the Mairie of the Louvre and the beautiful old church which has been the scene of so many historical events, was first conceived in 1861 by Ballu, the architect of the monument. Three years later a system of bells was submitted by M. Collin and accepted, but it was only in 1878 that the work was completed by M. Château, his successor. The thirty-eight bells, controlled by a sort of keyboard composed of fifty keys, weigh about five tons, and used to chime the following airs: At eight o'clock in the morning, "Les Cloches de Corneville"; at mid-day, the ballet of "Si j'étais Roi"; at eight in the evening, the "Carnival de Venise"; and the "Noel" of Adam at midnight. But it appears that these airs used to cause such a crowd to collect in the Place du Louvre opposite the church that at times the traffic became blocked. That was, at least, the reason given by the Prefecture of Police, who put a stop to the aerial concert, and the bells have consequently been silent for almost twenty years. M. Gion, the architect of the First Arrondissement, recently proposed to revive the chimes in the tower, and the Municipal Council has just voted five thousand francs for the necessary repairs. The scales are to be completed, enabling the bells to chime many other popular airs.

The townsfolk of Lamy, a suburb of Mantes, hope that the tower of their church will some day take the place of the leaning tower at Pisa as one of the seven wonders of the world. The church-tower in question has shown for some time a tendency to change its centre of gravity and to lean on one side. However much the inhabitants might like their town to possess a monument of interest to tourists, they are, nevertheless, considerably alarmed, especially those of them who live in the houses on which the tower appears to be getting ready to fall. The inclination is undoubtedly caused by the giving way of the foundations on one side of the tower, or by a redistribution of the alluvial formation. But whatever the cause may be, the architects who have been consulted as to the probable fate of the tower cannot quite make up their minds whether its inclination, which is more marked every year, will become still more serious, or whether, like the tower at Pisa and the less renowned ones at Bologna, it will stop its inclination before it loses its balance.

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ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BULBECK, STRAND.

The rumour that the Government contemplates the revival of the ballot for the Militia will strike consternation into many British hearts. If it prove to be correct, any British subject over 5 ft. 4 in. in height and under forty-five years of age may be called on to serve his country in the tented field. The only crumb of comfort lies in the fact that it is said to be intended to apply only to those districts which do not supply the number of recruits to the Constitutional Force required by Act of Parliament. An evening paper gives what it says to be Lord Wolseley's views on the necessary increase of the Army. Twelve additional battalions should be raised, these to be added to the Metropolitan corps. He is strongly in favour of the territorial system, and of dressing the soldier smartly. Well, at present, with the exception of the Guards and Highlanders, Tommy has a good deal to complain of in the latter respect—I refer to the infantry Tommy, whose uniform can hardly be considered attractive. After all is said, it is the dress which attracts the recruit, a fact which is sufficiently obvious when it is noted that the best-dressed regiments find no difficulty—indeed, the reverse—in obtaining the desired number. I have in my mind the case of three brothers who left the West of England and travelled to Scotland to enlist at the dépôt of a Highland regiment, in whose ranks they now are. Another case occurs to me, of a cashier in a London house whose ambition it was to become a Highlander. He was recommended by the Colonel to the doctor, but was not passed until his third trial, when his perseverance was rewarded.

The season of the young bloods has come round again, for the 'Varsities are in full swing. How are we of *The Sketch* affected thereby? Well, we meet at least on the ground of journalism. I am always interested in magazines run by undergraduates, even when they are not intelligible to me. The *J. C. R.* of Oxford, however, is quite within my grasp, as in the sixteenth number it has started to preach Omarism in an address to the Fresher. Thus whispers the *J. C. R.* Persian to the Freshman—

Then leave all vain pursuits and leave the gloom
And anxious trembling at a distant doom,
And seek with me for pleasure and repose
In some not Proctor-haunted billiard-room.

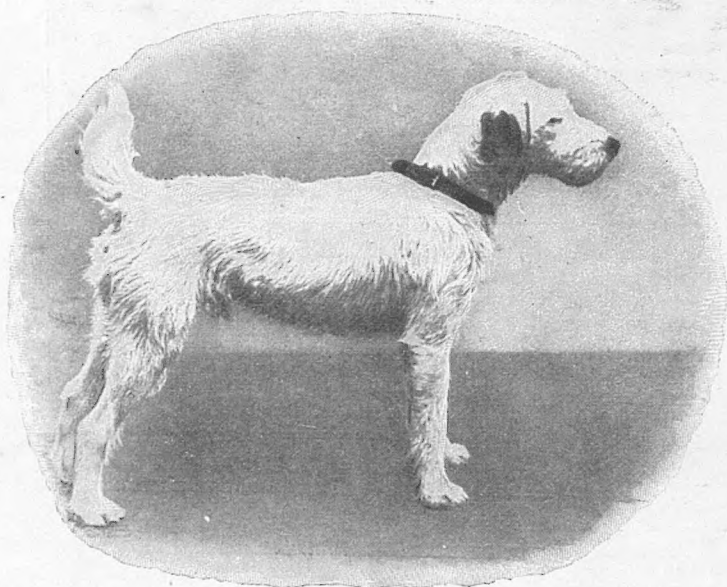
A simple glass of gin and ginger-beer,
With thee and with the billiard-marker near;
With lectures and with chapel bells away,
Who knows but life might happier appear?

For what remains, however great thy fame?
For thee, for me, for all the end's the same—
Climb the dark stairs to my old college rooms,
Look o'er the door and read another's name.

I have heard a young London journalist declare that he learnt more of his business from helping to run his college magazine than from three years' experience of a daily newspaper office. At any rate, Mr. Owen Seaman, Mr. Mostyn Pigott, and Mr. Lehmann have made a good deal out of their literary faculties trained in undergraduatehood.

The title-page of the *J. C. R.*, which I reproduce on this page, is a striking one, and is complemented by a curious illustrated article on sky-lines, which is contributed by E. Ingress Bell to the current issue of the *Architectural Review*. "The sky-line is the most important line about a building," and dates its discovery to the Roman, with his discovery of the principle of the dome.

Cherrywood is a thoroughly game-looking wire-haired fox-terrier owned by the Earl of Cottenham. Though under two years old, having



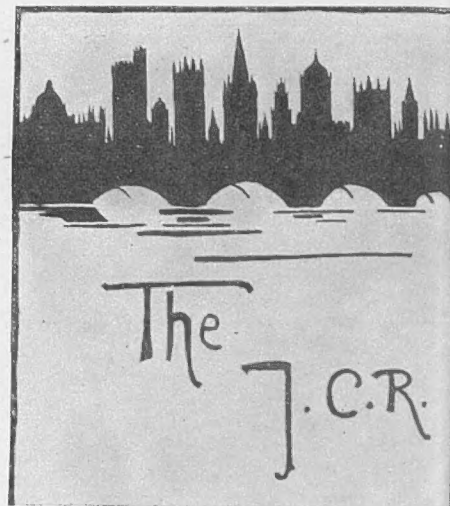
THE EARL OF COTTENHAM'S CHERRYWOOD.

Photo by Chinn, Denmark Park, S.E.

been born on Dec. 26, 1895, he has proved himself a prize-winner in some important shows. At Northampton he won three first prizes, a

second, and four specials. Cherrywood, who is by Barton Energy out of Park Rose, is always kept in good working condition, as the Earl of Cottenham, who is in every point a thorough sportsman, and Master of the Bicester Hounds, will never sacrifice the game qualities of a wire-haired terrier for distinction in the show-ring; thus, in his own dog, making a protest against the prevailing fashion of the day, which is over-inclined to softness and to breeding dogs so fine that their natural characteristics are too often lost sight of.

"On the 5th of November we always remember the Bridgwater Carnival, which is better than ever this year." Such, at any rate, is the note of the vast coloured poster, which has been, and which is, as expensive as a Bridgwater treatise. There is to be a magnificent torchlight procession as well, which will include Louis XIII. musketeers, a horde of ferocious Italian banditti, and so on.



THE TITLE-PAGE OF THE OXFORD MAGAZINE, THE "J. C. R."

In the second part of his elaborate book on the "Adhesive Postage-Stamps of Europe," which Mr. Upcott Gill is publishing, Mr. W. A. S.

Westoby has not found it necessary to deface the facsimiles of stamps reproduced because they are British. That makes the section better, from the pictorial point of view, than the first. Mr. Westoby has got as far as Bosnia.

"I am the most flamboyant of Americans, the most hopelessly addicted to my own country, but I must admit that I had my first real taste of liberty in England." Such is the confession of Miss Lillian Bell ("of Chicago") in the November issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. I always like to quote anything that enhances the good opinion of our noble selves, not that Miss Bell is universally favourable to England. Whether she herself be an "airy, fairy Lillian," I know not, but she marks the "ill-hanging skirts and big feet" of our women-folk. But the London policeman took her heart.

Just as Mr. Pullman lay dead, a town built exactly in the same way as the city he named was being constructed in Sierra County. It is called Overton, after the superintendent of a lumber company which owns the virgin forest of forty thousand acres of pine in which it has been raised. It is estimated that, cutting wood at the rate of five-and-twenty million feet a year, it will take sixty years to exhaust the forest. The town is built on the most model principles.

The other week I described the huge hemp cable, 240 yards long, five tons in weight, which was made at Newcastle for towing the floating dock to Havana. Seven horses were used to pull the waggon on which it was loaded to the docks. A greater feat than that has been performed (of course, in America)—a line of steel rope, weighing 17,000 lb. (or over seven tons) and 4400 yards long, having been transported from the town of Telluride, in the Colorado Mountains, to more than 2500 feet above the town level. The path was so narrow that it dwindled at parts to only fifteen inches. The cable was piled on the backs of sixty-four mules, all in a string.

"The Gay Ambassador" is the name of the latest musical comedy. It is written by Mr. F. Washington Jessett and Mr. Gilbert D. Sutherland, with music by Mr. T. Merton Clark, the composer of that very amusing piece "The Water Babies," who have too modestly hidden their humour in the country.

Since I referred to the unsatisfactory results of importing grouse to stock impoverished moors, a correspondence has grown up in the columns of the *Field* concerning the morality of grouse-netting by persons who make it their business to supply live grouse. The sinner-in-chief for the time being is lessee of, among others apparently, a small moor in Dumfriesshire, which is surrounded by others which are shot for pleasure by their proprietors or lessees. The sinner-in-chief aforesaid habitually spreads miles of netting aloft on small masts, and catches large numbers of grouse on their passage from or to his neighbour's moors, much to their disadvantage and his own profit, and his neighbours have at last arisen in their wrath to clamour for legislation on the subject. For my own part, I devoutly hope they will succeed in getting this practice of grouse-netting made illegal. Of late years the business has grown considerably, the dealer leasing a small strip of moor surrounded by good shootings, with the declared purpose of catching for sale every bird that chances to pass over his domain, thus seriously impairing the value of the adjacent moors as a shooting or a lettable property. It seems to me one might almost with equal right shoot the pigeons of a neighbour when the birds chanced to fly over one's garden.

At every meet of staghounds of any importance you may see a number of strong, lithe-looking men, in scarlet coats and wearing hunting-caps, who travel on foot and form part of the retinue. These men are called "runners." With the Rothschild Hounds there is half-a-dozen of them, and their duty is to follow the stag and render assistance in case the quarry is in difficulties, and also to safely house the deer at the conclusion of the run. "But how will these men manage to keep up with the field?" says the novice, and, indeed, it is surprising to see the way in which they generally turn up at the finish. They seem to have an instinctive knowledge as to which way a particular stag will run; they know every foot of the country for miles round—all the short cuts, the brooks, and rivers are familiar to them; and no sooner is the deer uncarted than they make off very quietly and, without in any way interfering with the quarry, follow him up, watching over his progress with great solicitude, for, strange as it may appear to those well-meaning but mistaken people who wish to put a stop to the noble sport of stag-hunting on account of the cruelty which they imagine it entails, every effort is made to prevent the stag from being injured in any way, and many of the animals run ten or a dozen times during the season, and are fit and ready for the next when it comes round; in fact, some stags have run six seasons—I have Fred Cox's authority for this—and are seen so often by the huntsmen that they nickname them. Old staggers among the field who follow the roads know which way to turn their horses' heads when they see the quarry enlarged. "Bill Adams," whose portrait is here given, has followed the hounds for some twenty-eight years, and is a good specimen of his class.

The 1st Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders, formerly the 75th Regiment of Foot, was one of four extra regiments of foot raised at



"BILL ADAMS."

Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

the expense of the old East India Company in 1787. It was raised by Colonel, afterward General Sir Robert, Abercromby, a younger brother of the renowned Sir Ralph. The Abercrombys of Tullichy, General Stewart tells us, had no influence whatever on the further side of the Grampians, and the humblest talker could have obtained more recruits. But the gallant Colonel had qualifications that stood him in good stead of family influence. He had won the lasting attachment and respect of his men in six successive American campaigns, and many of his old soldiers gladly re-enlisted with him, bringing new recruits in their train. From 1809 till the date of the territorial organisation the gallant 75th discontinued the Highland garb and title, then they reverted to their original position as a Highland corps, and were assigned the senior battalion in the Gordon Highlanders. Colonel H. H. Mathias, whose brief speech to his men has been in so many mouths during the last few days, comes of an old Pembrokeshire family, who have been seated at Lamphey Court in that county for some two hundred years.

Apropos of an article I published some time ago on duelling during the last hundred years, an Indian correspondent sends me some interesting facts anent an immediate forebear of "the fighting Travers," a family which not only can boast of one of the few clear and flawless pedigrees going back to the Conquest, but which possesses a record that has beaten every other in the matter of military families. Joseph Oates Travers, a subaltern in the Rifle Brigade, won not a little fame during the Peninsular War by fighting his commanding officer, who had made some insulting remarks about the regiment. The encounter took place on a bright moonlight night. Each chose three seconds, and there and then, with blood still hot, they went outside and fought, Mr. Travers shooting his opponent dead. The matter was hushed up, but, as was natural, the sympathies of the regiment were entirely with the man who had upheld its honour. Still, when the war was over, he was obliged to leave the Army; but later he was given an appointment at Portsmouth and dubbed "Major," although he remained to the end only a subaltern. In those days Joseph Travers was one of the six Travers' of the Rifle Brigade, three being his brothers, the other two his cousins. The Travers' were indifferently devoted to both Services, and the "Major" had two brothers in the Navy. All six married, and had between them twenty-three sons, who in due course all went into the

Army, where they so distinguished themselves as to merit the appellation of "the fighting Travers'." Travers is naturally an honoured Army name, and at the present moment there are three of them up at the front. Colonel Travers commands the 2nd Ghurkhas, Captain J. Oates Travers the Devon Regiment, and Ernest Travers the 4th Ghurkhas, all three being grandsons of Sir Robert Travers, who, more fortunate than his brother, remained to the end connected with the Rifle Brigade. Even far away in the Dark Ages the Travers' must have been addicted to warfare, for their arms bear the scallop-shells, implying that a Travers distinguished himself in the Crusades.

Some time ago I referred to the appearance of Lord Shaftesbury in an opera called "Lelamine," produced in Melbourne. His lordship undertook the tenor part, and surprised everybody by his easy and natural manner on the boards. The Democratic papers in Melbourne regretfully remarked that they had been baulked of their prey. His voice, however, is more suited for the drawing-room than the theatre, for, though of considerable sweetness, it is hardly strong enough to fill a large building. The young Earl, who was born in 1869, is the grandson of the philanthropic Earl, the hero of the fountain in Piccadilly Circus. His own father held the title only six months, the present Earl succeeding in 1886. One of his sisters married Lord Magheramorne; the other is the Countess of Mar and Kellie.



THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

Photo by O'Shannessy, Melbourne.

The bestowal of the freedom of Edinburgh on Mr. William McEwan, M.P. for the Central Division of that city, was a fit recognition of personal worth and of princely benefactions to the northern capital, of which he has been a representative in St. Stephen's since 1886. One of the wealthiest captains of industry in the North, the brewery which he owns covering a large area of, and employing a great many people who reside in, the Fountainbridge district of the city, Mr. McEwan's

name is regarded as synonymous with large-hearted philanthropy. His munificent gift of University Hall, representing in money value some £110,000, cannot remain unknown; but numerous generous deeds to disabled workpeople, to the needy widows or orphans in his neighbourhood or among his constituents, and his monetary help in the educating of indigent, promising youths, performed unostentatiously—for Mr. McEwan is no self-advertiser—render him one of the best-beloved men in the Modern Athens. It is considerably over forty years since he established himself in Edinburgh—a very different place then, he avers, from what it



MISS ROSE NESBITT.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

is now, and unquestionably Mr. McEwan has been one of the factors which have gone to altering its complexion from the "air of languor and melancholy repose which harmonised well with its austere and stately beauty," as he pictured in the early 'fifties to a centre of commerce equally with that of learning and law.

Another infant prodigy is with us, and this time a truly marvellous *Wunderkind*, little Bruno Steindel, who has not yet attained his seventh birthday. He made his first appearance in London at one of the Promenade Concerts, and so great was his success that some doubt was expressed concerning the legitimacy of his technical powers; so an impromptu "at home" was at once arranged at the Ibach Gallery, and the lad was put through the most severe tests before the professional and dilettanti musical world, playing from memory works by Raff, Chopin's Cadenza and Fantasia, Schumann's "Kinderscenen," Bach Preludes, and excerpts from Beethoven, as suggested by his hearers, as well as scale after scale in major or minor, octaves or thirds, and reading a florid and complicated valse by Moore at sight. Little Bruno was born at Gladbach in South Germany at the end of 1890, and his father being musical director there, as well as a fine fiddler and 'cellist, he has been able to direct his son's studies, for even at the early age of two the baby gave evidence of his talents, and before he was five



BRUNO STEINDEL.

Photo by Zoeib, Minden.

(after only six months' study) he played two of Mendelssohn's "Lieder Ohne Worte" before a very distinguished and delighted audience. Fortunately, the boy is strong and sturdy, a bright and merry lad, and though high-spirited and with the keenest enjoyment of all childish pleasure, he may yet be "writ" the most perfect and youngest exponent of his art. Since his test he has played several times at the Queen's Hall and other concerts, and is also giving a series of recitals, after which rumour has it that he will be withdrawn from public life for his education, and also to study the piano under the famous Leschetitsky.

Of stage-children we have plenty, but few, if any, as bright and clever as little Elsa Moxter, the mite who is now delighting the patrons of the Oxford, several other entertainments having been deprived of her talents by their presiding magistrate. She is as pretty as she is clever, and as good a comedienne as she is a graceful and dainty dancer, and equally at home in the Spanish, serpentine, skirt, or ballet dance. She is a native of St. Louis, and only just eight years of age, yet she has already had three years of stage experience; for she was not five when she made her debut at Pope's Theatre in her natal city, having previously been seen only at entertainments given for various charities. From her earliest babyhood she has loved to sing, and always been an inveterate mimic, and, after scoring successes all along the road in the United States, as well as in Canada, Mrs. Moxter decided to bring her little daughter to London; and here she has become as great a favourite as she was in the States, and even as a "juvenile comedienne" has made a mark on the ladder of distinction. Elsa is a pretty, fair-haired baby, rosy and blue-eyed, and taking such personal pleasure in her performances that it is delightful to see her, and yet when at home the nursery is the only kingdom she asks to rule, and the only companions she asks for are her dolls, even though she has created sensations in some of our leading drawing-rooms.

Here is an interesting little incident arising out of the retirement of Miss Anna Williams from the concert stage. It is fresh, and the statement of it accurate—two conditions for which the reader is always grateful. The day after her farewell appearance, Miss Williams was travelling on the Underground Railway. She became aware that two amiable and gossiping ladies sitting near her in the compartment were making her retirement the subject of their chat. "And why is she retiring?" one of them asked; whereupon the other replied, "Oh, she has a large family, to whom she wishes to devote attention." "I see," was the comment. "And not only that," came the further observation, "but she now has religious scruples against singing, and, indeed, if she has not joined the Plymouth Brethren, she is going to do so." Anyhow, that was the gist of this interchange of confidences, although it would be hard to allocate the words as between the two dear ladies. Miss Williams could not help overhearing every word; and, highly amused, she eventually turned to those fellow-passengers and remarked, "Well, since you are discussing Miss Anna Williams and why she has retired, perhaps I may be allowed to say that I am Miss Anna Williams, and that I really have not retired for any of the reasons which you have suggested." There was a merry laugh in Miss Williams's face—she enjoyed the situation—but the ladies were rather taken aback. "Dear, dear!" they mentally soliloquised, "we have surely stumbled this time."

They were overcome, but charmed beyond words to have had the opportunity of making the acquaintance of Miss Anna Williams. Then a general little chat followed, and all ended merrily.

Miss Williams grew up in a musical atmosphere, one of the frequent visitors at her home being Madame Clara Novello. It may be said of Miss Williams that she has only begun part of her life-work, for certainly the teaching of others to sing is no light responsibility. She herself was, all through her career, an earnest student, and so, indeed, she remains. Her aim at the Royal College of Music is to teach the younger generation not merely to sing a song, but to teach them, if so they have qualities and ambition, to be accomplished performers in public. "She has the power in a remarkable degree," says one of her friends, "of imparting to others the knowledge which she herself has acquired." None of us are likely to forget Miss Anna Williams as one of the most delightful singers of our time.

Progress in the making of theatres goes on apace. Next year Mr. Wyndham's new house, with its roof-garden and luxurious fittings, will astonish all Western London; within a less time the East End will see the establishment of a theatre for the Polish Jews—a "Yiddish" theatre, it is called, because the plays will be presented in the Yiddish, or Jüdisch-Deutsch, dialect. This novel innovation, which for the time being is rousing great interest in East-End circles, is but an outcome of the prevalent spirit of progress in the theatre-building line. There are sixty thousand Polish Jews in the East End, for the most part people with a keen sense of humour, a wish to be cheaply amused, and very little knowledge of English. When the Yiddish theatre becomes an accomplished fact, our actors and dramatists will not do unwisely in paying a visit to the house and studying dramatic methods unconventional and new to the English stage. Who shall say that, among the crowds of immigrants who work in the East-End slums, no man of genius is at present labouring unknown whose gifts shall be developed and encouraged by this new enterprise? I shall watch the new experiment with interest, and, if I can find an agreeable companion who understands and will translate the uncouth, ear-splitting Jüdisch-Deutsch, I will attend some of the performances and comment thereon.

Those who have tender memories of that forerunner of the matinée, the German Reeds' Entertainment, and who look back with regret to those invariably pleasant, if not particularly exciting, afternoons of a score of years ago, will learn with genuine regret that the young composer of those days, Mr. Alfred Caldicott, who was associated with so many of their successes, has just passed away, after a somewhat protracted illness, at the age of fifty-five. In more recent days Mr. Caldicott's person has been very familiar to theatregoers, as he has filled the post of musical director at several of our Metropolitan theatres, the Prince of Wales's and the Comedy among others. Some years ago Mr. Caldicott went to America with Miss Agnes Huntington, and I remember his telling me how pleased he was with his tour, and how altogether charming he found the prima-donna, who had captured all Londoners with her impersonation of Paul Jones. I fear Mr. Caldicott was a somewhat disappointed man, and that his later work did not fulfil the promise of his youth; but he will be regretted by a large circle of friends.

A fine example of the hale and robust centenarian is still to be found in Bosnia-Herzegovina. I refer to a merchant of Fotza, rejoicing in the name of Andrija Giogjaja, who has entered the age of a hundred and twelve, is surrounded by a large circle of descendants down to the third generation, and is yet capable of transacting business and mixing freely with his friends. So he ought certainly to receive the honorific initials of "G. O. M."



ELSA MOXTER.

Photo by Hana, Strand.

I must record the issue of a new penny paper, called *Hockey*, "the organ of the Hockey Association," and edited by Mr. H. F. Prevost Battersby.

There is a saying in the Army that the time-expired Artilleryman can handle a pick and shovel along with the best navy in the land. No doubt, road-making and similar work, somehow or other identified with the service, have given rise to this assertion; but, however true it may be, the fact remains that the Artilleryman does not in any way object to see a company or two of infantry paraded for "garrison fatigue." "Garrison fatigue" may be of various qualities and quantities. A glance at the accompanying picture gives a very good idea of an extremely arduous and by no means uncommon duty under that head. A 9-inch gun of 12 tons is being raised to a height of 350 feet at an angle of 38 degrees. There is nothing impossible to Tommy, and, as the science of placing guns on eminences is practically the same as that in vogue at the time of Cr  cy, it does not require a great stretch of imagination to guess that the task is a warm one. A good lathering of grease or soft-soap on the "rails" may make the labour somewhat lighter; but, grease or no grease, Tommy goes at it with a will (and a few "sabre-cuts of Saxon speech"), even though the place, as in the present instance, be Aden—a locality known in the graphic if somewhat sulphurous vocabulary

The *Sydney Bulletin* has a couple of amusing stories of Mr. George Rignold's recent experiences in Melbourne. It seems that one night, while playing Harold Armytage in "The Lights o' London," he sprained his arm severely in the struggle with the police, and the next night, in the rescue of Seth Preese from the Regent's Canal, he had some difficulty in emerging from the tank of real water that was used at the Melbourne Royal. Consequently, when he appeared later in the drama, Mr. Rignold wore his arm in a sling, and when it was time for Harold to beat the wicked Clifford, a fellow-actor had to invent this serviceable bit of "gag": "Maimed as you are, thrashed him within an inch of his life." The other story relates to Mr. Rignold's exploits as a cyclist. He is said to be "one of the sights" as he "ploughs about Melbourne on a bike," and there are further pleasant allusions to the substantiality of his machine and the size of Mr. Rignold's calves, which are described as "the only real big show in town."

There is a very uneasy feeling manifested in Paris regarding ex-Captain Dreyfus. Rumours of his escape and of the revelations that will follow are filling the Boulevards from end to end, and there are serious stories of a deeply embarrassed Government and a deeply injured man. Many people are saying that the secrets of the famous trial with closed doors will come very soon into public possession, and create a most painful sensation. The



TOMMY ATKINS AT WORK.

Photo by Coutinho, Aden.



TOMMY ATKINS AT PLAY.

of Mr. Thomas Atkins as "the Mouth of Hell." When Tommy is off duty he knows very well what is good for him. He gives himself up to reading *The Sketch*. Does not the picture (which has reached me from a distant shore) prove it?

entire matter in its many aspects forms the subject of a letter I have just received from Paris, and, as my correspondent has an important social position, and is very well informed, I have felt justified in hinting at the contents of his communication.

THE IDEAL EDITION OF AUSTIN DOBSON.

It has always been a matter of extreme surprise to those who feel his charm that Mr. Austin Dobson has not a far greater audience than he actually commands. His subject-matter lies so well within the range of most people, his point of view is so simple, without being in the slightest degree commonplace, and his metrical mechanism is so delicate and so delightful for its own sake, that he seems specially suited for those who do not claim to be in the least literary. As it is, the greatest sale achieved by any of his fine volumes is only twelve thousand, and he has had to wait until the mature age of fifty-seven, and with thirty years' work in verse behind him, before a collected edition of his charming poems have been offered to the English public. Five years ago his "Selected Poems" appeared at Leipzig, in the "English Library" of Messrs. Heinemann and Balestier, for circulation on the Continent alone. But I admire Mr. Dobson so much, and had so long wished to carry the best of his work about with me, that, even by having to defraud him, I confess to having smuggled into Merrie England more than one copy of those "Selected Poems." I shall do so no more, for Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. have just issued a selection twice as large, under the title of "Collected Poems." As befits such a dainty subject, it is a beautiful book to touch and to see, and, with its five hundred and twenty-six pages at six paltry shillings, it is one of the cheapest as well as one of the most desirable reprints of a season that has excelled in this sort of literature.

Mr. Dobson's position is absolutely unique. To call his poems *vers de société* is a misnomer that implies a depreciation founded on ignorance. If Locker had taken himself more seriously, he might have given us verse as memorable as Mr. Dobson's; but he chose to remain a trifle, as if half-contemptuous of the faculty he possessed. Præd never took himself seriously enough to do more than dabble, while Calverley's work retained to the last a certain touch of heartless juvenility that somewhat palls in the long run. Mr. Dobson has ever taken his art seriously, though never pompously. Throughout everything he has done there is a touch of optimistic humanity that saves him from lapsing into artificial sentimentality, and, as you work your way through the volume, you will be touched to grief or roused to a gentle humour by his reconstruction of a bygone day of which the grave historian has nothing to tell.

Mr. Dobson has never done anything better than his "Essays in Old French Form," ridden to moribund mechanism by a hundred nameless tenth-raters. With him the essential artificiality of the whole school was reduced to a minimum. Mr. Swinburne once wrote a ballade—"I Hid my Heart in a Nest of Roses"—that is worthy of the title poem; but, then, it broke the rules of the game in every verse. Mr. Dobson has never broken the law of the lilt, and he has written in a form infinitely more complicated than the ballade, and given us the song of poetry notwithstanding. His snatch from Horace in triplets was surely never more fitly rendered than in the translation of "Persicos Ode." Or take his stately "Dance of Death," luxuriantly complicated in rhyme and form, and yet absolutely sufficing. The envoy is typical of the poem—

Youth, for whose ear and monishing of late,
I sang of Prodigals and lost estate,
Have thou thy living, and be gay;
But know not less that there must come a day—
Aye, and perchance o'en now it hasteneth—
When thine own heart shall speak to thee and say—
There is no King more terrible than Death.

In what other form could the vanity and the intricacy of a Nankin plate have been told than in that delicious villanelle beginning—

"Ah me, but it might have been!
Was there ever so dismal a fate?"—
Quoth the little blue mandarin.

And how splendidly he utilises the refrain in the ballade to reiterate the perpetual note of triumph that must have thrilled Elizabeth's subjects when they conquered the Armada!—

Now Howard may get to his Flaccus,
And Drake to his Devon again,
And Hawkins bowl rubbers to Bacchus—
But where are the galleons of Spain?

In the lighter vein of sheer joyousness, take the ballad of "Molly Trefusis," with its ingenious rhyme-endings—

I fancy her, radiant in ribbon and knot
(How charming that old-fashioned puce is!),
All blooming in lace, fal-lals, and what not,
At the Pump-Room—Miss Molly Trefusis!

Or the charming jingle on a milkmaid—

With a hey Dolly! ho Dolly!
Dolly shall be mine
Before the spray is white with May,
Or blooms the eglantine.

But I might go on quoting for pages—for example, that "proper new ballad of the country and the town," about "The Ladies of St. James's," or "Good night, Babette!" from the rare "Proverbs in Porcelain," or "The Cure's Progress," and twenty others. This is emphatically a book to buy and treasure and return to again and again for good-fellowship and good-humour and rare literary and poetic delicacy of thought and expression. Austin Dobson, in short, should annex thousands of readers who have till now known so little of him as to confound him, as I heard a West-End doctor do the other day, with that other Austin who is Alfred.

J. M. B.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT THE GORDONS.

Not content with forcing the Englishman to read and rave over an uncouth dialect, the Scot has pushed forward his empire and established a "Kailyard School" in anthropology! It is an Englishman's boast that he is always an Englishman, and the Scotification of the Cockney, as revealed by a study of the inner history of the Gordon Highlanders, must come to him as a surprise. That a sane, wide-awake native of London Town should be so worked upon as to declare on his life that the kilt is warmer than trousers, that bagpipes can play more than one tune, that all Scotchmen are not six feet high and red-headed, and do not "row their bawbees in a cloutie," is past belief. But just ask a Gordon Highlander from London. He will tell you that in his parochial days he had certain fixed ideas. With elated feelings, born of many perusals of "Sixteen-String Jack," he had enlisted, but was staggered to find that pipers occasionally did duty in place of buglers. It was all right when the pipers assembled on Sunday forenoons and made a row together. That meant the dress for church parade. When they got together for the second time on these days, and, ably helped by some dozen drummers, raised an indescribable noise, he knew that that was the "fall-in." Afterwards he learned that the first row was "Hey, Johnny Cope," and that the second was the slogan of the Gordons, the same that had been the signal for the gathering of the clan for ages. That was all right; but when a single piper strutted round the barrack-square, things became decidedly mixed. There and then he resolved to become a Scot and enter into their quaint humour. In three months he knew that "Hey, Jock, are ye gled ye 'listed?" was the equivalent for "the cookhouse door" or dinner call; that "A man's a man for a' that" stood for the defaulter's call or "angel's whisper"; that at the "Piobaireachd Donhuil Dhu" he had to answer his name, and that he was supposed to be lulled to sleep by some wild wail. Then he discovered that the "Gay Gordons" acted up to their name, and he was proud of it. Other Highland regiments were treated to "Lochaber No More" and "MacCrimmond's Lament," and went to bed sad; but the "Three G's," the gay, gallant Gordons, lay down with a laugh as the big drum thundered in double-quick time to an inspiring reel. He had caught the infection; the spirit of Gordonism was upon him. He was as brave as the others, and he smiled grimly as he recollected that he wore as his collar-badge a Bengal tiger. The time might come. At "Heilan' Laddie," the march past, his blood tingled through his unfettered limbs, and he felt he could tear through the gates of Hell, just like the others at Waterloo and Delhi that the Adjutant had read out about every Saturday morning from the records of the regiment. Though he knew it not, the philosophy of clothes and environment was responsible for much. And at Dargai he was not found wanting.

L'esprit de corps is not confined to men—at least, not in the Gordons. There was Ghazi, and there was Arabi. Ghazi was a dog; Arabi a mule. Both objected to witness what, to their ideas, were mean things. Ghazi, as behoved his position as regimental dog, generally kept watch and ward over the barrack-square. He went to church regularly, and also drew his rations at the proper time. One day, as Ghazi was dreamily gazing over the square, he saw a "foreign dog"—a collie belonging to a civilian—rush upon a ragged Scotch terrier, but one belonging to the regiment. Ghazi, who was a huge Afghan dog, took all the little regimental dogs under his protection, and never on any occasion was he known to permit the entrance to barracks of a "foreigner." With a low growl, Ghazi ran at the intruder, seized him by the small of the back, and flung him in the air. The collie did not wait for a repetition of this exercise. Ghazi was picked up when a pup during the Afghan War, and was present at all engagements after he "joined the regiment." He was wounded at Majuba, and, lame and bleeding, arrived at Newcastle, a few miles from the fatal spot, being the first to bring news of the disaster. He had left the others on the hill. After accompanying the regiment home, he died in Guernsey, and was buried on the ramparts. Arabi was a transport-mule with a temper. While in the regiment none but a Gordon dare approach him. He was admired, unfortunately, be it said, because he kept an escort at bay. The escort had come to arrest Arabi's keeper, who had fallen asleep under the manger. Some time afterwards Arabi was transferred to another corps.

"The Highlanders will take on winter clothing," namely, one pair of mitts (white worsted gloves). Sometimes garrison orders are unconsciously sarcastic, and often on a par with the query of a certain Secretary for War, "Why do Highlanders have great-coats when they have plaids?"—one half-yard each. The fair sex, too, are supposed to have a decided partiality for Gordon Tartan. After Waterloo it was all the rage in Paris, and, as history repeats itself, it may be taken for granted that we shall all have to wear Gordon ties.

The town of Aberdeen, where the Gordons were inspected for the first time in their history, June 24, 1791, remains to this day the depot of the regiment, and it is there that the beautiful granite statue of the Duke of Gordon, their first Colonel, stands. The 3rd Battalion of the Gordons is composed of the old "Aberdeenshire Militia," formed in 1797, and of which the Prince of Wales himself is Honorary Colonel, while Mr. W. S. Gilbert, strange to say, was once a captain in the corps. There are six Volunteer battalions, but very few of the men wear the kilt. They have tartan trews, which is far from becoming. Of late years the regiment has made great efforts to interest the people of the locality in its affairs. Thus, out of the forty-three Gordons killed and wounded at Dargai, eleven were Aberdonians, including the heroic piper Lance-Corporal Milne, who went on piping when shot through the ankles.

AN OLD GORDON.



THE PULPIT OF ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY BULBECK, STRAND.

THE DISGUIISING ART.

A VISIT TO MR. FOX.

How strange that the honest, robust man who stood before me, opening wide the door to welcome me as I advanced, was one who had devoted his life to dissimulation! You see costumes in his shop-window of all

says that he must have a beard at once; a second, that before night the shape of his face must be altered from round to oval, to suit his present character—what could he mean?—and at the same time a third arrival declares that he must have his nose immediately enlarged. You may think yourself in Fairyland, and Mr. Fox, standing calmly by your side, in his white apron, omnipotent. Those entering the establishment are hardly more interesting than those withdrawing.

Mr. Harris, the manager and foreman of these interesting works, courteously conducted me through the various rooms, and explained in a delightful manner many of the processes, mechanical and manipulatory, incident to the art of wig-making. It may be said that many more honoured arts make less demand upon the æsthetic sense and the presentive power. Mr. Harris has twice accompanied Sir Henry Irving on his tours through the United States, and acted as coiffeur to Miss Nellie Farren and Mr. Fred Leslie when they visited Australia. His unassuming conversation is always lit by lively reminiscence. The confidences of his customers must at times move all his humour. A gentleman called one day to be disguised, and was entrusted to Mr. Harris's unfailing hand. With considerable hesitation the gentleman told Mr. Harris the reason for his adopting disguise. He and his wife had both declined invitations to a certain reception, but, relying upon his absence, he felt convinced his wife was determined to be present. Mr. Harris had but begun his subtle operations when a lady arrived, wishing to see him at once. This fair creature confided to Mr. Harris the enticing secret that she and her husband had been that night invited to a certain reception. Both had agreed to refuse the invitation, but, implicitly believing that she would not be present, she was convinced her husband had really decided to attend. Mr. Harris had the wife in one room, the husband in the other, disguised them both splendidly, and sent each away delighted.

Right at the top of the house we went into the room where the hair is kept—of all kinds, colours, shades, and qualities. Over this department Miss Fox presides. I first looked at some hair taken from the yak. This animal, with its long hair, wide horns, and bushy tail, makes a majestic addition to the scenery on the mountains of Thibet. Heavy fringes of hair adorn the sides of the yak; the bushy tails of these oxen are in request for many purposes, and, carried in processions mounted on jewelled staves

before august Indian potentates, by their number mark the degrees of rank. The yak has a humbler brother, devoted to the plough, but these farm drudges are not so generously adorned by the hand of Nature with coats of long and glossy hair, while by the hand of man they are usually rendered tailless, "that member having been cut off and sold." The hair of the yak is carefully sorted for wig-making purposes; some can be used for and with human hair, and some only in theatrical wigs of the seventeenth century, or for judges and barristers. Not only the animal but the vegetable kingdom is requisitioned by the wig-maker, and



MR. FOX'S SHOP: MASKS AND FACES.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

sorts, from the garb of the Ambassador to that of the Pantaloon, and perhaps, did we know more, the interval between the two is less than we imagine. There are artificial hands and feet for giants at a pantomime; beards are here which, hired for the nonce by detectives, have witnessed the capture of murderers and tracked incendiaries to their doom. The wigs on many pegs have rather a grotesque aspect, looking like so many scalps—a Red Indian might write sonnets on the sight. Then there are moustaches which, worn at dances by the golden youth of to-day, have won many a heart—and many a fortune too, it is said. There are ladies' head-dresses which have deceived more than one gallant, if we may believe half the stories told.

We have heard of the Palace of Truth. Let us enter the Temple of Disguise. We have all some vague idea of what the world is with, but have you ever thought of what the world would be without Mr. Fox? On one ground he might seem the greatest artist of our age. It has been said that sculpture is the art of form, poetry of fancy and emotion, painting of colour and imagination, while acting stands the art in which these attributes are all combined. But Mr. Fox, who "makes up" the actor, must assuredly be greater than the thing he has created. Mr. Fox does not merely make actors and actresses. Carlyle has proved that great Ambassadors depend for power, and thence for fame, less upon their virtues than their clothes. Mr. Fox provides their clothes. Without this modest, unassuming, genial man, there could be no diplomacy and no politics—the world might still revolve, but it would be a very different place.

Waiting in the shop, you may rub your eyes and wonder where you are. One gentleman enters and



THE WIG-ROOM.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

floss is brought from the long reeds of Ceylon to deck the fair heads of actresses and adorn the grave faces of judges. This floss is beautifully soft and fine. The admirable wigs in "The School for Scandal," lately represented for the benefit of the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund, were all made of this white floss. It is much cheaper to use floss, or yak, than human hair, of which last it may be said pure white is far the most expensive. No play in which a dramatist of the nineteenth century has attempted to depict the life of the eighteenth is prettier than "Olivia," as seen at the Lyceum, with picturesque old Dr. Primrose in a wig of pure white hair, which, by the way, cost its wearer several guineas for every ounce it weighs.

Next to white the costliest hair is auburn, but the effect of the latter can be produced by a mixture of shades. No mixture can produce white hair. Human hair is brought to England principally from Italy and Spain by Jew pedlars. These buy it from the peasant girls, who wear peculiarly shaped caps over their heads to protect their marketable tresses.

If we regard wig-making, as it is, as a serious profession, we shall realise that it may claim, in the last three decades, to have made greater progressive strides than any other. To Mr. Fox's dexterity in his

Mr. Fox has four men constantly employed at the Lyceum in preparing and arranging head-dresses for the representations at that theatre. Mrs. John Wood's wig for her last play is a miraculous construction in five or six separate sections, which fit together like the pieces in a puzzle.

Leaving the room where the hair is kept and the silk gauze on which the wigs are based, I entered the room where the girls were at work weaving and knitting hair to the artificial scalp. This work is done with an instrument not unlike a crochet-needle. It was like a room in a lacemaker's cottage at Honiton. A great art in the profession is the making of partings for false hair. Many of these are imported; they are made originally by miserable convicts in Russian prisons. The advancement in the skill with which wigs are now manufactured can be gathered from the fact that a wig which, not many years ago, would have weighed four pounds, weighs now not half as many ounces. It is ludicrous to contrast a wig of the old school with a wig of the new. I saw a marvellous false moustache, in which the separate hairs had been adjusted one at a time with wondrous care.

One difficult operation is mixing hair, blending fine colours to make a different shade, and blending them with Nature's softness and perfect



MAKING STAGE COSTUMES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

bizarre craft has been due much of this marvellous advancement, and he himself employs many skilled hands. It is only lately that women have entered this field of labour; considering the delicate and artistic nature of the work, it is surprising that more have not perceived the possibilities which lie in such an avocation. At present they are occupied but with the cruder portion of the work. Men finish off the wigs and beards; this, of course, is far the most æsthetic part of the manipulation. It demands peculiar skill. Nothing can be more marked than the contrast between the wig in the rough and the wig finished. Miss Fox showed me the little box of patterns of the hair of Miss Ellen Terry's wigs in all the characters in which we know her best. This little box with its locks of hair is really an epitome of latter-day dramatic history. The hair of this fascinating actress's wig in her latest rôle, Madame Sans-Gêne, is wondrously pretty. It is most apt for the character it now adorns. Granted that the colour and the hue of human locks in some degree reveal the brain beneath and the beating heart that moves the brain, then this hair has been selected with rare artistic and psychological perception. It belonged not very long ago to a peasant girl in Southern France. Had she, we wonder, the spirit as well as the hair of Madame Sans-Gêne? A lock which has been preserved, if time does not make hair fade or change when its life has passed away, would show it fawn-coloured.

harmony. While I waited, Miss Fox mixed hair of many hues with amazing rapidity and an artistic result which left Nature lagging. Indeed, these wigs were all so good, I envied persons who were bald.

As we walked down to the other departments, I noted on the staircase wall an engraving of the really fine picture which first gained for Mr. Forbes-Robertson an honoured place upon the walls of the Royal Academy. In the property-room a desk was being constructed for Mr. Chevalier, who can find poetry and pathos even in the career of a costermonger. The desk was most ingenious, and the carpenters were delighted with their labour. It seems as pleasant to work for Mr. Chevalier as it is to see him act.

Mr. Fox is a costumier as well as a wig-maker, and at his establishment the State and the Stage join hands. A diplomatic Court-dress of the first degree costs three hundred guineas. The costume-room, with its varied raiments, gay and rich and rare, is pleasantly beguiling.

When we came downstairs I found Mr. Fox at work. He was surrounded by wigs—the heads of the great—of Mrs. John Wood, Mr. Grossmith, Mr. John Hare, and Mr. Chevalier. It is true their august owners were not here; yet I felt nervous. In the past I have been asked, "Do you know Sir Henry Irving?" In the future I shall answer, "No, but I once met his wig."

It is quite an open question which at this establishment brings most

employment, the Stage, the State, or the Church; and, of another trio, crime, scandal, or vanity. A humid atmosphere will almost always take the curl from natural hair; but ladies who confide in Mr. Fox are given tresses which only grow more curly and bewitching with humidity. It is, of course, a secret kept most sacredly. Ladies, although they have splendid heads of hair, which artifice could never equal, wear false locks to save the precious time that it would take to dress their own tresses, for so rapid is the rush and torrent of society that moments are like sapphires set in gold.

When news of the perpetration of some great crime startles the air, they know they will be busy at Fox's, and that disguises for detectives will be the order of the day. The hunt for the wretched criminal begins, and then they must be alert in Russell Street, for at quite uncertain intervals telegrams arrive impetuously demanding that disguises be sent at once to detectives at various points in the ramifying lines of the pursuit. It has been stated that ten men, in the earlier stages of the successful search for the Muswell Hill murderers, were kept rushing from place to place. At times even the disguisers were themselves disguised. In an ordinary way, of course, a wig, with accompanying false beard and moustaches, is worn only for a brief time; but not long ago a detective called at Fox's, was made up with a false wig and whiskers, alighted on the track of a thief, pursued the felon from London to America, captured his prey, not at New York, but far inland, at Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania, and never removed the false adornments until the entrapment of his victim was effected. To the inexperienced nothing is more surprising than the rapid changes by which some popular performers at variety entertainments so swiftly transform themselves from one character to another; but this is the simplest thing in the

world—the false hair, nose, beard, eyebrows, and moustache are all in one; it is a wig and a mask combined; the rapid changer has merely to put it on like a hat—or rather, like the visor of a knight. It may be said, however, of the disguises effected by Mr. Fox that the rapidity with which they are brought about can be compared to nothing so well as their completeness.

Those who follow the profession of which Mr. Fox has gained a well-nigh perfect mastery have not merely marvellous art in wig-making—which, of course, is a most potent factor in disguise—but they have various washes and facial preparations to temporarily modify the complexion, while a remarkable knowledge of the rules of the physiognomical delineation of the emotions of the temperament enables them, with one or two strokes of the brush, to change the features and their whole expression without recurring to other aid.

I must confess that what most delighted me was the "Gladstone make-up"—a very image of the statesman. I cannot die feeling my life complete until, in the "Gladstone make-up," I have, at the Royal Albert Hall, attended the annual meeting of the Primrose League. Yet, I think I would rather go to the House of Commons as Sir William Harcourt, rise in my place and vow my whole political career a mere mistake, and proclaim my resolution to renounce the error of my ways. Sir William Harcourt would probably enter at that moment, and of course wonder in

amazement who I could be. His surprise would save me. "I should turn and denounce him as some mad impostor. The Serjeant-at-Arms would be called, Sir William would be hustled from the House and to the Tower, and I should finish my oration without further interruption.

E. S. LANG BUCKLAND.



THE ART OF DISGUISE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I have been troubled for a long time with an impression that the only inhabitant of Newfoundland was the Rev. M. Harvey. I have never seen Newfoundland mentioned yet but the Rev. M. Harvey came in. Of course, it would be difficult to suppose that there were no other people, because Newfoundland is a large place, and Mr. Harvey in solitude could hardly exercise clerical functions. But the ghost is permanently laid by a new book entitled "The Tenth Island, being some Account of Newfoundland, its People, its Politicians, its Problems, and its Peculiarities," by Mr. Beckles Willson. This volume is issued by Mr. Grant Richards, and contains a preface complaining that Mr. Kipling has not written a poem on Newfoundland. In a pathetic letter Mr. Kipling assures the author that indeed he is not unmindful of Newfoundland: "Perhaps I may know more about it than you think." Then comes a foreword by another inhabitant of Newfoundland, no less a person than Sir William Whiteway, the Premier of the colony, who affirms that the Newfoundlanders are a hospitable, amiable people, that their language is beautiful, that their mineral wealth is real and extensive, and their agricultural resources many and promising. Sir William refers to the ordeal which the colony passed through in recent years. Mr. Willson's book is graphically and brightly written, with a great deal of dialogue. It is curious to find that one gentleman, Mr. Robert Reid, possesses five thousand square miles in Newfoundland. Lord Charles Beresford concludes the book by some remarks on Newfoundland and a Naval Reserve, and makes some useful suggestions. There is a good map, reduced from the geological map.

Mr. Benjamin Swift's new volume, "The Tormentor," published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, reminds one of Nietzsche. It also reminds one of Meredith. The predominant influence, however, is that of the former. Perhaps a sufficient criticism would be that those who like Nietzsche will like Mr. Benjamin Swift. I am afraid that the average reader will consider that Mr. Swift has in this book completely falsified the expectations that were raised by his very clever first work, "Nancy Noon." Nevertheless, Mr. Swift is a man with a touch of genius, and there are good things in this book too.

Stories of adventure, politics, finance, and fashion come fast on one another. Now we have a fantasy. It fills me so with wonder that I cannot help mentioning it, though I hope this mention whets no one's curiosity to the extent of inducing him to read it. Only a reviewer's life is long enough or valueless enough to admit of this kind of reading, though why should I say "this kind" when the thing is unique in itself? It is called very effectively "Death, the Knight, and the Lady," and Mr. Lane has amiably consented to publish it. Fantastic fiction is after my heart. I can read the second-best with interest, and Mr. De Vere Staepoole's story had no more sympathetic reader at the outset. Judged by any standard of nature or fantasy, I think there is not one sincere word to be met with in it. It is not merely that it contains not one wholesome person—morbidly has its place in literature, and, rightly expressed, can be respected—but there is not one scene, character, or conception that the imagination does not stamp as absolutely false. A nightmare jumble of disagreeable people who were not themselves but somebody else, a clumsy mixing of different centuries, filled up with the ravings of an opium-eater, and a great deal of millinery, the book would be almost a pathetic failure if it were not pretentious. When other-worldly fantasy becomes a fashionable kind of writing, this is what it comes to. And yet Mr. De Vere Staepoole wrote "Pierrot," which at least had literary charm and did not offend good taste.

The company we meet in "Captains Courageous" (Macmillan) are the worthiest of all people. It was the best of luck for the Western millionaire's young son to fall in with them, and such an improvement in his manners and morals could have been wrought by no schoolmasters save just the fishermen of the Grand Banks. But they are not lively. Mr. Kipling does not pretend they are; he gives us their worthiness unseasoned by any wit or humour of a kind to tickle us. Their own fun is for their own consumption; outside their circle it does not seem to have much relish. It is a book teeming with information, which has not the air of being "got-up," either. It has been digested and assimilated thoroughly. But who cares a fig for bare information outside an examination manual? And this is mere information which hardly once

serves to make a situation more vivid or to reveal a character more forcibly. That Disko Troop and his men were marvels of courage and skill and disciplined strength we could have believed on evidence very much less detailed. Perhaps the shadow of the book's purpose darkens our joy of it, for it is frankly pedagogic. The spoilt young American has to be pulled into the shape of a reasonable human being by hard knocks, by hard fare, by hurting himself against stronger wills than his own, and the Great Banks educational system is so eminently successful that the "Captains Courageous" might do worse than set up reformatory schools for the children of millionaires in their fishing-schooners, Mr. Kipling standing as patron and reference. But he has been pedagogic before now—he is nearly always so, in fact—and has still contrived to amuse us and keep our attention. There is not a word or hint of art or imagination here from first to last. In a story for young people, perhaps he thinks it does not matter. Well, which will hold the firmer place in their affections, "Captains Courageous" or the "Jungle Books"?

Better than most love-stories in novels is the selection from the private papers of Endymion Porter which Miss Dorothea Townshend has made for Mr. Unwin. Endymion, patron of letters and arts, was Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles I., and one of that unhappy king's most faithful servants. Not a great political personage, he was yet a notable person in the realm for very creditable qualities—good sense,

fine manners, most uncommon honesty. But the point of the present publication is to show him as a domestic man. He was an ideal lover—at least, after he became a husband, and his letters to his wife have been preserved. They are charming. Even their formality is graceful and warmed by the fervour of his affection. She should have been a fond wife, his Olive. But it appears she was anything but that, a nagging, quarrelsome, unreasonable young person, from whose charges, unjust, one can swear, he had to defend himself pathetically. She must have had her charms and fascinations, so, no doubt, he had a reward of some kind, if it was not ease and comfort. This half-told story—for Olive's side is only represented by one abject confession of having acted as a fool—is decidedly one of the prettiest of true courtly romances, and "The Life and Letters of Endymion Porter" should be in much request at the libraries.

Landor has been searched for his good things before, but never so successfully as in the little book of "Aphorisms" which Mr. Brimley Johnson has edited for Mr. George Allen. He probably never thought for half an hour consecutively or systematically, but he had great, luminous visitations of thought. His wise things have not all, of course, the intimate personal value of those of La Bruyère, for instance. They are mostly drawn from his

Imaginary Conversations, where, successfully or not, he did try to utter other people's feelings and realise their attitudes. But a good half express, no doubt, Landor himself. They are excellent for stimulating reflection, conversation, and contradiction. Some are merely pretty, and some are merely shrewd, but there are gems of real thought and poetry scattered about in the collection.

Sighs are very troublesome when none meet them half-way.

Every woman has been several women if she has lived long.

The man who is determined to keep others fast and firm must have one end of the bond about his own breast, sleeping and waking.

Illustrations are pleasant merely; and definitions are easier than discoveries.

I would not stand upon my verses; it is a perilous boy's trick, which we ought to leave off when we put on square shoes. Let our prose show what we are, and our poetry what we have been. (But this comes through the mouth of Boccaccio.)

Such are one or two of the Aphorisms picked at random. There are much better ones to be found in this charming and far from idle little book.

I believe Mr. Hannan's "Captive of Peking" (Jarrold) is not quite a new book. But it makes a new bid for favour in a handsomer and an illustrated edition. It is distinctly one of the entertaining stories of the day, in its gruesome fashion. Whether the picture it gives of the horrible cruelties of the Chinese be reliable or not, the writer's loathing of the Chinese nature has found a very lively and interesting expression. The search for the missing captive by two men who have never seen him, and who have no clue to his whereabouts or the causes of his imprisonment, is admirably described; it is even made probable.

O. O.



MR. BECKLES WILLSON.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A DEAD MAN'S LETTER.

A STUDY IN CONSEQUENCES.

THE CAUSE.

"Five to one I win every other trick," said the Hereditary Legislator.

"Done with you in sovereigns," said the Hero.

The Legislator had just led the ace and king of trumps. The suit had gone round, and the two best trumps and the ace of another suit were in his hand.

The Hero, who had closed with the bet, as a matter of fact held the three remaining trumps.

The game proceeded, and finally the ace of the plain suit was, of course, trumped by the Hero, who claimed the stake.

Thereupon the Legislator denied that the wager was good.

"You had no right," he said, "to bet on a certainty."

"There's all the difference between making and taking up a bet," said the Hero shortly, for his breath was going.

"That's a quibble," said his lordship, who was cool though in the wrong.

The Hero's partner, seeing that his *vis-d-vis* had too much blood at his heart to let his head argue wisely, interposed.

"My partner is certainly within his rights. If you correctly argue that he betted on a certainty, you stultify yourself. Barring the three remaining trumps being in his hand, which you maintain renders the bet void, you yourself could not lose; so that you were yourself betting on a certainty, and your offer was a case of 'heads I win, tails you lose.'"

"Besides which," chimed in the Bad Player, "your partner might have revoked."

Then the Legislator apologised handsomely and paid up.

But the Hero was put out and played recklessly after that. At the end of the next rubber he got up from the table and went away. Though he had been in the right, and had pocketed the five pounds, he felt the disgrace of having bickered more than the man who had been in the wrong.

CONSEQUENCE NO. I.

The wind was horribly in the east as the Hero walked out of the Club, and Subsolanus made him button his coat across his chest.

At the little corner shop opposite Albert Gate he bought the *Lady's Pictorial*. His wife had asked him to get it yesterday. He had forgotten it then, but felt himself fortunate in remembering it now. Then he walked briskly homewards with the paper tucked under his arm.

"Queen," he called out, as he let himself into his house and banged the door on the unpleasantness of the Club and the wind, "Queen, where are you?"

There was no response. The drawing-room door was open and he looked in. The Queen was lying on the sofa.

"Oh, you *are* there. Why on earth didn't you answer, darling?"

"Well, really, Charlie, there's no need to shout. Can't you see that I'm feeling very unwell? If you had only warned me not to bicycle in the horrid east wind and hot sun yesterday, this would never have happened; but you never will remember. And, as usual, I must be the sufferer, and be knocked up for a week. Even for your own sake, you might be a little more thoughtful for me."

And then the Hero said something unkind to her that might quite excusably have been let off at the Legislator, but had been badly bottled up and got "corked." Thereupon all the fat was on the fire. After that there was a lull for a minute. Then he felt ashamed and tried to make amends by relating the episode at the Club. But the Queen in this only saw her opportunity, and got her knife into him, telling him that he had much better give up whist altogether, as it made his temper bad when he lost, as he oftenest did. This the Hero denied with some warmth. Then, catching sight of her painful little face, he got up and offered the *Lady's Pictorial* as an olive branch. But this made it worse than ever, because she had been out and got a copy for herself in the morning.

"You don't seem to mind *throwing* money away," she said, "and I have to spend half my life in keeping the household expenses down. You come home and boast of a miserable five pounds won in a Club brawl, and expect me to be thrifty and careful. The whole thing's too miserable!"

And all because the poor little lady's liver had been touched up by the east wind, and because the Hero had been right in his quarrel with the Hereditary Legislator. What a lesson in subjectivity!

Then the Hero said a bad word under his breath and went out.

CONSEQUENCE NO. II.

Dressing carefully and leaving word with the parlourmaid that he would not be home to dinner, the Hero pulled on his coat, and, banging the hall-door on the domesticity that had failed, went to seek sympathy elsewhere. The sympathy he found was of a very pleasant kind. It had always been refused by him before, but now came in handily enough.

The Grass-Widow, one of George Meredith's "silken dames," was

dressed in pink poul-de-soie and various laeces, for she loved to look pretty for herself when there was no one else to look pretty for.

And really she had a very nice taste in suitabilities. I had often wondered, for example, why her equipage always looked better than others. I should never have found out for myself, but learned from a friend that with every costume she had a set of horses' rosettes and ribands made to match. As a result, she always looked more at home in her barouche than anyone else. This was very characteristic.

As things turned out, the evening was in the market. True, it had been dedicated in advance to snug solitude and the latest novel, but the Hero was a distinct advance upon that, and the Lady was always open to offers. Plans for the evening were quickly discussed. What could be better than a *tête-à-tête* dinner Otherwhere? The idea was irresistible. They could get the finest cooking in London There, said the Hero.

"My hand upon that," said the Lady, and her fingers, neither dry nor moist, lay long enough in his hand to make the Hero's heart thump against his chest.

Then came the Abigail with an opera-cloak, and a footman went for a hansom. The Hero was not unmindful of the delightful proximity so entailed, and, thinking of Ovid in the Theatre, profited by his education.

It should be here said that the Hero was the first to whom the Grass-Widow's affection had been transferred since marriage, and, as the great "R. K." tells us, "a woman justifies her first transfer of affection by swearing it is for ever and ever." So that there was really in the affair something of romance.

The dinner was a great success, for it had the flavour of naughtiness about it. Wholly proper, it was, though clandestine and stealthy. The Hero, mind you, had no idea of eating his corn before it was ripe. The delight is more exquisite when you

Play with the pretty thing awhile,
And toy and trifle and beguile,
And to your will the soft wax mould.

The Lady, too, had no immediate intention to provoke. It was enough at present to fascinate. Unattainable she might not be, but unattained she held him fast. And that was her immediate purpose. The time might come, of course. But after that she would have to take to looking backward, not forward, and at present she appreciated to-morrows more than yesterdays. "I will live" was to her better than "I have lived."

"Laws, my dear Grace," the Hero said over the wine, "laws are made to be broken. If they were not, there would be no excuse for making them. The only thing we have to do is to show by the manner in which we break them that we recognise their importance."

"Then you, I suppose, strike out all the 'nots' from your Decalogue?"

"On the contrary, I underline them for the edification of my neighbours, and make my own mental reservations. Take the laws of grammar, for example. You would never go to George Meredith's novels to teach the parts of speech to your children (if you had any). At the same time, you know that he is conscious of the rules, though he delights to mangle them. You and I observe the proprieties, another term for the grammar of good society, in public, but we are just now ungrammatical in our behaviour, and we are doing it very much more artistically because we know the rules so well."

"Yes," answered Grace demurely; "I never understood so clearly the advantages of ordinances before. The Ten Commandments certainly give a great piquancy to life."

And so they talked, with the cheap cynicism that comes so easy after a little practice, and makes people so full of self-appreciation.

This was followed by more ungrammatical behaviour, for the Widow smoked cigarettes, and the Hero forgot himself and began to tell smoking-room stories; and, what was worse, the Lady tried to cap them.

What was worse, did I say? What was better, perhaps, for though the Hero laughed loudly, it gave a sudden death-wound to his disloyalty. A mist came over his brain, and a dear, white face, whose lips, at least, were not profaned, floated before his eyes. Thank Heaven, he saw the thing in time!

And then the mist cleared, and he saw the Sympathy he had sought changed into a brazen Jezebel. God! how blind he had been!

But the Grass-Widow only felt that she had made a false move that could be recovered.

Then the money part of the reckoning was paid, but the full account had yet to be settled.

CONSEQUENCE NO. III.

"Dead!" said the Hereditary Legislator incredulously. "Dead, did you say?"

"Yes, dead, and, what's more, buried," said the Bad Player; "knocked down by a bicycle and run over by an omnibus—a poorish death for a Hero."

"Dead! I can hardly believe it—the Hero of all men!"; and then his lordship's mind travelled slowly back to the last day they had played whist together—and stopped.

Why, it must have been the very day when the Hero had won his five pounds, he recollected—and sighed, partly because he could never hope to win it back, and partly, to do him justice, because their whist-table had lost a capital player.



He can now show himself before Chriemhild without other blushes than those of timid love.—CARLYLE.

And then the group cut for partners, and the Peer, to his disgust, drew the Bad Player, and the Bad Player dealt and turned up the Two of Spades, and the Peer succeeded in tapping it before one of the opponents, and the Hero was forgotten in the triumph.

Etiam oblivisci quod scis, interdum expedit.

Later, as the Peer was leaving the Club, the Porter begged a moment. Handing him a letter, he asked what should be done with it. It was addressed to the Hero. Had it best be sent on to care of—?

"The devil!" said the Legislator, not by way of answering the question, but from a habit he had of ornamenting his speech. Then, under his breath, he said, "Gad! it's from a woman." It was the scent that told him.

"By Jove!" he thought, "it might do the poor fellow a good turn if it wasn't forwarded"; but then he bethought himself of 7 Wm. IV. and 1 Vict. c. 96, s. 25, and 11 & 12 Vict. c. 88, s. 4, and doubted whether it wouldn't be Larceny from the Post Office.

"Yes, of course, it must be sent on." But Fate was rather ironical when she left the decision to the Hereditary Legislator.

CONSEQUENCE NO. IV.

Dead men tell no tales, but dead men's letters tell a good many. A Dead Man's Letter Office is doubtless desirable. It should be manned by asomatous officials, *nullius filii*, sworn to celibacy and friendless. Then there would be no fear of bitter knowledge coming to them.

"An odd thought strikes me," said Dr. Johnson as he lay a-dying; "we shall receive no letters in the grave." It is a more fearsome thought that our friends will receive, and, moreover, will open them. Let us pray for discreet executors. This is the letter the Queen read—

MY DARLING HERO,—That little dinner was glorious, but, glorious as it was, it was not enough for me. Do you know, that very vulgar little song has been running in my head all night, or rather, what was left of the night after I got home, "I want yer, me darling; yes, I want yer ev'ry minnit; yes, I want yer, I want yer, I want yer." It really sounds very vulgar, doesn't it? but them's my sentiments notwithstanding. By-the-bye, *what bad grammar!* When are we going to repeat the dose? It is delightful to think there are still Ten Commandments, and we've only broken part of one of them. Do you know, I always knew that Q. would never satisfy you. You would never stand the reproof of a shocked face, and that was bound to come if you ever married her. By-the-bye, though, there is one of the Commandments we must not break—the eleventh. That's why I am addressing this to your Club. I've just been reading "The Man that Hoped She Would." I call it cowardly of the novelist to kill off her Hero. It's such an easy way out of a difficulty. Nature never does anything half so horrid. Do you know, my Hero, I was actually rather ashamed of myself when I got home? Not ashamed of anything I had done, but of the "grammar" of the story I told you. It was worse than wicked. It was bad form, and I here repent me in pearl powder and a *robe de chambre*.—Yours till death, GRACE.

It was not a pleasant letter, and the Queen's face hardened as she read it. But perhaps the worst part of it was that she treasured it up, as women will do. And the boy that was to be born grew up and was some day her executor. And when the time came, he, too, read it. He noticed to whom it was addressed, and he noticed the date upon the cover. And he drew conclusions, too. So that possibly the crop of consequences are not yet harvested.

Alii sementem faciunt, alii metentem. GEORGE SOMES LAYARD.

ON A BLUECOAT BOY.

How oft I've paused in Newgate Street
To watch the Bluecoat boys at play,
With buckled shoon upon their feet,
Like phantoms of another day!
The busy world went whirling by,
With 'bus and dray and motor-car,
While through the railings I could spy
A world so near and yet so far.
I've watched them tuck the straggling coat
Within the girdle round the waist,
As, with no thought of gold or groat,
The ball at hockey has been chased.
I've wished I was again a boy,
That I might don the yellow hose,
With breeches made of corduroy,
As worn by mediæval beaux.
In tall silk hat of latest mould
I've watched them capless in the sun,
And wondered why they caught no cold
When balmy summer days were done.
I've seen them pacing up and down
With monkish mien and priestly bands,
While round them lay the roaring town,
With restless brain and busy hands.
A Guelph may rule the world without,
Which strife and noise and battle vex;
But here behold beyond a doubt
The realm of Eduardus Rex.
Time will not wait, I know, for me,
Yet, lest its turmoil should destroy,
I often pause awhile to see
That monkish little Bluecoat boy.

J. M. B.

CUB-HUNTING.

No "pomp or panoply" of that which, according to the immortal grocer, offers all the excitement of War for twenty-five per cent. of its danger; tweeds, butcher-boots, and bowlers instead of pink, tops, and tall hats, for a cubbing meet is in the nature of an undress rehearsal, and none but members of the Hunt are expected to attend. Farmers from the neighbourhood of the meet, a tradesman or two from the nearest town, and a few enthusiasts of both sexes, make up a field the Master can welcome with all sincerity; for, almost to a man, these who have risen at five o'clock to see hounds thrown into covert are they whose creed is to "read the Bible and Jorrock, and walk a puppy." And, truly, unless the rendezvous be among sparse woodlands and you love to see hounds at work, you may as well stay abed till a decent hour as get up before dawn for cub-hunting. We don't expect a run; we try to convince ourselves and each other that we don't want a run. Who but a fool dare send horse at hedges clad as in July, at banks and ditches hairy with coarse grass as those around us? The country is perfectly blind, and until our prayers for a sharp frost or two and a gale to strip the foliage be answered, we are content to tittup from covert to covert and smoke the early pipe. We shall be quite sorry—shall probably go home—if hounds get away with a fox.

The Hunt servants alone are on the alert; hounds are running a cub in covert, and ought to kill him there. Now and again a splash of white and tan shows through the underwood, or even outside, to be rated back again by huntsman or whipper-in to join the pack whose music swells and falls in the echoing wood. We, having come from afar, sit and listen drowsily to the hum of talk which comes in fragments from the crowd that walks restless hunters to and fro and talks of many things. "He was awfully cut up about it, and, you know, I think she behaved *very* badly after accepting—but the brute did make a noise, you know; call him a roarer or a whistler, as you like, he made noise enough to wake—the babies? Oh, still down at Eastbourne, and very well; but, hang it all! one can't keep kids and hunters, and, by Jove!—if it wasn't the finest pup as I *hever* walked, and you 'sud see 'un, jst see 'un, goin' for the missus's chickens. I sez to her, I sez—she's spavined, my dear fellow; see it with half an eye." Hello! they've got him!

Talk dies away as the huntsman, who had slipped off his horse five minutes ago, pushes his way out of covert and climbs the fence, swinging a bedraggled something in his hand—a cub, and well-grown youngster too, whose obsequies are to be performed in the open field. "Toot, toot, tootle-toot," on the horn, and "Come on then, my beauties, yooi, yoi, yoi, tear 'un, eat 'un, tear 'un!" and much more supposed to be understood of hounds. Not that they get the chance just yet; the young hounds must be taught that fox-flesh is a thing of great desire, and how better teach the lesson than by tantalising? The huntsman stands amid the "singing" pack, the fox held high overhead, giving invitation as above. "There! seize 'un!"; and down it comes to be snapped at and snatched away. "See, tear 'un, tear 'un, tear 'un!"; and round he spins to shake the dead cub before every set of fangs that can crowd in, while the whipper-in races round on the outskirts to rate and thong the remiss who prefer a stretch and roll on the sward to "trying for a taste." The puppy-walkers sit in their saddles and cheer on their protégés. Each man has a close personal interest in one or a couple of the "new entry"—that is, the young hounds who are being taught.

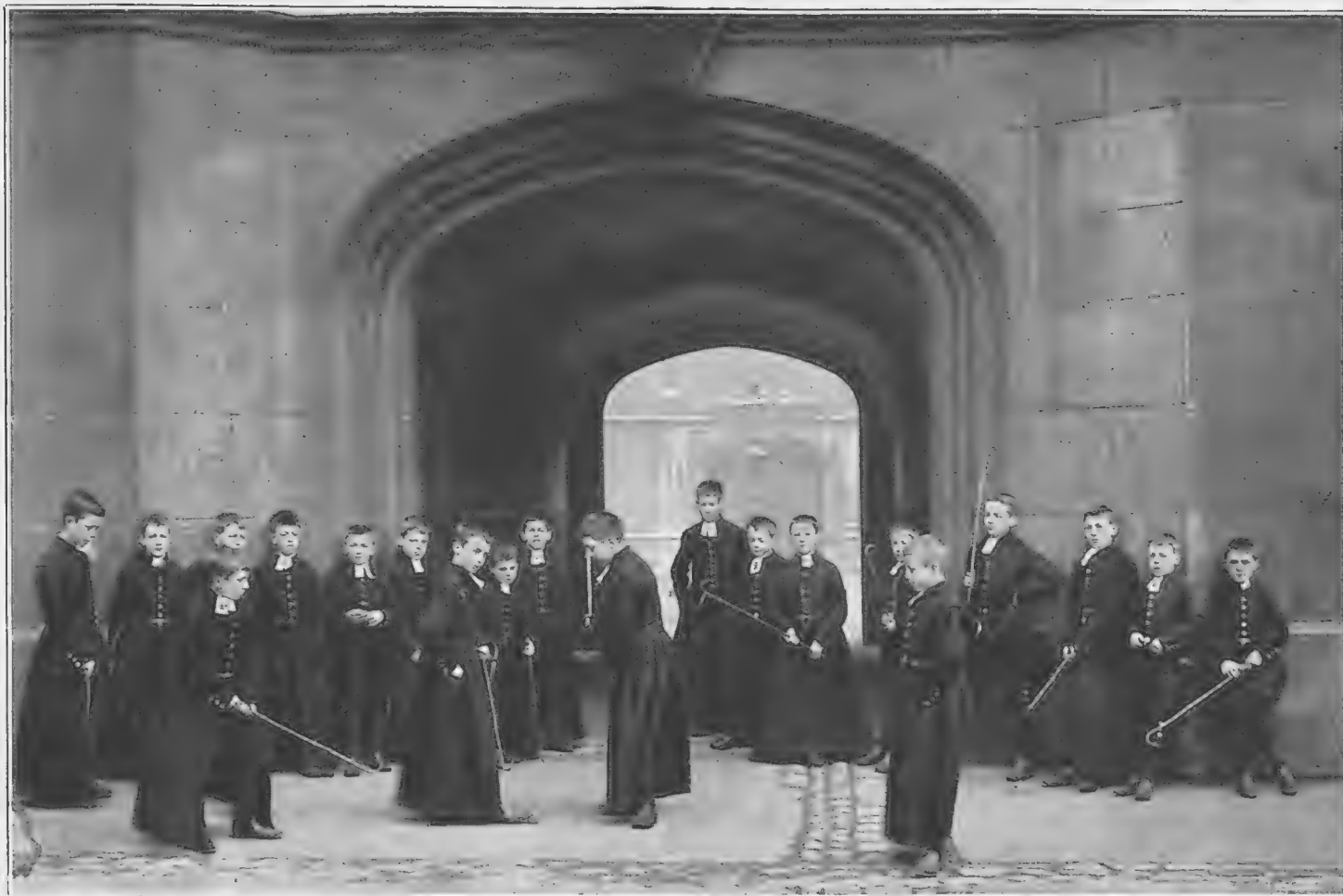
The cub has been broken up, and of his mortal remains all that is visible to the common eye is the "mask," with long, pink tongue, hanging from the "D" of a whip's saddle. "Willow Gorse," goes from mouth to mouth, as the huntsman trots slowly ahead with the pack at heel. The sun is high now, and many are afraid that there won't be a whiff of scent in another half-hour; somebody suggests that for a couple of hours yet there will be plenty in covert, and that's all that is wanted; but, while nobody denies this, nobody seems cheered by the reflection. The Gorse reached, hounds are waved in and the field lights its pipes and cigarettes and promenades to and fro as before. Almost the first note of hound-music is followed by "There he goes!"; and a fox breaks, to turn and vanish into the wood again. The huntsman trots along outside the Gorse, cheering on his hounds with a voice that no exertion seems to render hoarse, and ere long we know that another cub has paid his life to learn that safety lies in flight and not in dodging about the underwood. More tootle-tootle and tantalisation on the sward outside before us all, and then the huntsman, drawing his knife, sets foot upon the mangled carcase, and demands politely but firmly whether "that little lady has been blooded?" The little lady, aged about six, sitting very upright on her white donkey, replies in a composed treble that she has got a fox's b'ush, but F'eddie hasn't. F'eddie, on a nine-hand pony, all mane and tail, is a little shy; but, encouraged by his sister, urges his pony forward. He submits bashfully to receipt of a smear of blood on his cheek from the freshly drawn brush, and reins back, blushing, an "entered fox-hunter," with the trophy on his saddle-bow. Were dignity weighed by stones, that nine-hand pony must surely sink to earth.

The sun is high now and hot; but the next wood gives a cub who has learned the great lesson. No sooner are hounds in than he is out and away, fluttering over the ridge and furrow before us on—strange chance—a breast-high scent; and here are hounds streaming out of covert, throwing their tongues like mad. We didn't want a run, you know; the country is too blind and the ground is too hard, and there are half-a-dozen other good reasons; but only those are sorry whom fate has led to the wrong side of the big wood, and a brilliant twenty minutes to ground is, after all, the best finish to a pleasant morning with the cubs.

c.

THE BLUECOAT BOYS AT PLAY.

Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.



A GAME OF HOCKEY.



THE BAND.

VEGETARIAN ANIMALS.

Visitors to the Vegetarian Exhibition at the Memorial Hall found nothing to try their faith so severely as the Vegetarian Cat. It was not present in person, for the sufficient reason that it has been dead these two years; but its portrait in oils shows it to have been a more than usually comely specimen of its kind. Miss Whitfield, its owner



LORD BUTE BRUNO.

From a Bas-relief Photo by Taber, Dover Street, W.

during the fourteen years of its earthly career, asserts that the likeness does no more than justice. Queen Mab was a tabby, long-furred and finely marked. Her infancy was spent under the best auspices, her mother being a Persian, and her birthplace a clergyman's house in Shropshire. She came into the care of Miss Whitfield at the age of three weeks, and since then till her lamented death remained under that lady's roof, not even proving inconstant, as some flesh-eating breeds do, when the household removed from Shropshire to Thornton Heath.

Queen Mab was a vegetarian not by education, but by instinct. From the time when she deserted Nature's sustenance she developed an extraordinary passion for vegetables of all kinds. Her favourites were peas, beans, and Brussels sprouts, but nothing came amiss. She would go out into the garden and eat strawberries off their beds. Beetroot and dates she revelled in, though those are not uncommon feline tastes. In the case of potatoes she made a distinction. She would devour them with avidity—so long as they were not boiled. With that exception, she had no particular views about cooking. For beverages she preferred milk and cocoa. Her singular diet did not affect her health, for she lived to her mature age in the best of condition and temper.

On coming to the ticklish point of Queen Mab's vegetarian principles, it is necessary to make a qualification. Vegetarians, as we know, consist of more than one sect. Queen Mab may be called a vegetarian of the second degree. She was not averse to washing down a cauliflower with cream, and she would eat meat at a pinch. There was no compulsion. During most of the cat's life Miss Whitfield was not a vegetarian; and even now that she is, she keeps Queen Mab's successor, who does not share that gifted animal's tastes, well supplied with the product of the butcher. Queen Mab's predilections were manifest from the first. When she could get vegetables she would not eat meat, and so the animal element was gradually dropped out of her bill-of-fare. At no period of her career would the cat's-meat man, a functionary not known at Thornton Heath, have elicited a single "miaow" of gross appetite, though she no doubt welcomed the greengrocer with all the enthusiasm of her feline nature. Most of her peculiar tastes were acquired during her country life, when a large garden ministered to her every desire; and after coming to town her mistress made a point of seeing that the daily cabbage was not diminished.

Did Queen Mab catch mice? The truth will out; now and again, but rarely, she lapsed to that extent. But not in malice. "She would play with them," said Miss Whitfield. Let us hope that the mice went safely home after the sport, and that if Queen Mab, in a moment of inherited weakness, ever toyed overmuch with a sparrow, there was some asparagus-bed or cucumber-frame handy to divert the claims of appetite.

One last word, and it is a saddening one. Queen Mab's daughter and only descendant has succeeded to her place in the household. She is a voracious meat-eater.

Speaking of cats (writes a correspondent), I may draw attention to the pussies' home on Haverstock Hill. It is a charming villa, by the way, and as unlike the usual "refuge" as can well be imagined. The honorary superintendent, "Mrs. William," gave me an interesting account of her work on behalf of lost and starving cats, and showed me some

wretched-looking animals just brought in by her servants. These would be restored to health, if possible, and new homes found for them; if not, they would be sent to Battersea to be painlessly removed, and their bodies afterwards cremated. With reference to one nice animal which attracted my notice she had a comical story to tell. "We take boarders in sometimes," she said. "That is an exception, however. Charlie belongs to an old woman in the Hampstead Workhouse—Mrs. Gifford, I think, her name is. She was on the out-relief list, but the Guardians thought it desirable to get her into the 'house.' Mrs. Gifford was quite willing to go with Mr. Wheatley, but only on condition that he took care of her cats. The Relieving Officer, like enough, was in a quandary, and sent me this letter. I consented to look after her two pets, and so here they've remained ever since, free of charge, of course; for the Guardians won't pay for them, and the poor old woman cannot. She comes to see them, though, every week, in her poke-bonnet and blue frock. She always brings some milk and fish or other food with her, and the three of them renew their old relationship over the meal, which generally lasts, I am sorry to say, a couple of hours or more."

That is an excellent idea the executive of the Paris Cat Show have hit on for their next exhibition. The new attraction will be a mouse-hunting competition, to be held in the Palmarium of the Jardin d'Acclimatation; first prize three hundred francs, and second a bronze statuette entitled "La Victoire"—a trifle heroic, perhaps, but we need not quarrel with that. It is a happy conception, and should produce beneficial results on the "gate"; but what I want to know is how they are going to arrange that mouse-hunt. The obvious plan would appear to be to "draw" the pussies and slip them in pairs, as in coursing; but there is a clause in the conditions which seems to mean that this plan will not be adopted: "Three francs entry for each cat; a reduction for kittens which accompany the maternal parent." It displays thought for the future of the French rising population of felines, but if whole families are to be slipped in that Palmarium, I am afraid the competition will degenerate into a cat-fight. The Kennel Club might apply the idea to the confounding of those who aver that "show-bench dogs" of sporting breeds are useless monstrosities sacrificed to "points." A rat-hunt in the Aquarium by the fox-terrier classes, too, would draw all London—if Mr. Colam and the R.S.P.C.A. did not interfere and spoil the fun.

As a type of a vegetarian dog, I give the picture (taken by the bas-relief method at the Dover Street Studios) of Lord Bute Bruno, a magnificent specimen of a smooth St Bernard, standing thirty-four inches high at the shoulder, and with the famous Plinlimmon blood on both sides. He is by Colonel Bute out of Lady Lill, and was born on March 23, 1893. His owner, Mr. Herbert S. Riant, first showed him at Cruft's in '95, where he was "highly commended." Since then Lord Bute Bruno has lived the life of ease and luxury of a household pet, but this blissful state of existence will suffer a temporary eclipse during these closing weeks of the year, as Mr. Riant has decided to enter him for the show of the West Kensington Canine Society, to be held this month, and for the



QUEEN MAB.

Painted by Talbot W. Greathcote.

Jubilee open show of the Ladies' Kennel Association, which will be held in the grounds of the Earl's Court Exhibition in December. He will at any time turn from the tempting steak or chop—even from young ducklings, plump partridges, and the savoury grouse—and choose instead apples, oranges, melons, nuts (which must be cracked and peeled for him by his human friends)—in fact, every kind of fruit and vegetable.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The life and work of Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., is the subject of this year's *Art Annual* (Virtue), and an excellent subject he makes in the hands of Mr. James Stanley Little. Mr. Orchardson is, perhaps, the greatest living master of that long line of Scottish artists which begins with George Jamesone, the so-called "Scottish Vandyck," who during the first part of the seventeenth century flooded Scotland with portraits from his restless brush. Mr. Orchardson was born in Edinburgh, coming of a Highland stock. That is a point which Mr. Little might have enlarged upon, for, though Aberdeen gave Scotland its earliest artist in Jamesone, though it has produced a John Phillip and a Sir George Reid, and though it claims at this moment that very clever artist Mr. Robert Brough, it has not sent out a painter of the first rank any more than it has produced a man of letters or a philosopher of the first magnitude. This proposition, stated several years ago by the *Scots Observer* in its palmy days, is irrefutable, for that strange north-east corner of the country, while responsible for an extraordinary number of men on a very high level indeed in the various aspects of creative work, just misses the crowning point where we get a Burns, an Adam Smith, a Scott, or a Wilkie. You want the dash of Celticism—whatever that may be—to give you that. Curiously enough, however, Mr. Orchardson's best portrait is that of an Aberdeen Provost, Sir David Stewart, exhibited at the Academy in 1896.

One would have liked to know more about Mr. Orchardson's racial origin and his early history than Mr. Little cares to tell: even the year of his birth is not given, beyond the vague statement that he was a year or two younger than his countryman Pettie. He first exhibited at the Academy in 1863. From that date onwards his career has been familiar to all art-lovers. The *Annual* is full of samples of his work, beautifully reproduced. As a frontispiece we get "Trouble." "A Social Eddy," "Hard Hit," and the famous "Napoleon on the Bellerophon" are reproduced in photogravure, while there are seven full-page pictures in process, with fifty-one smaller pictures—a perfect art treasure, in fact.

The *Magazine of Art*, like many of its older contemporaries, is wakening to its responsibilities. The November number is enlarged in size, though not in price. It opens with a very beautiful reproduction of Mr. F. Andreotti's picture, "A Cup of Tea." Mr. Gleeson White contributes a long article about the Art movement, practically based upon a criticism of *Jugend*. He believes that *Jugend* threatens decorative art by its very extravagances, but he has the eye to recognise that a right use of colour in printing—which the Japanese discovered long ago—is brought nearer by *Jugend* and kindred publications of its kind than by anything we have yet had. Sir W. B. Richmond's new decorations of St. Paul's are described by Mr. Baldry. Mr. Spielmann describes the art section of Harrow School and biographs at length Sir John Gilbert.

Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, and Co., of Paris, and 5, Regent Street, have arranged that the business which they have carried on as publishers of engravings and illustrated books, printsellers, and manufacturers of plates for reproduction in Goupilgravure and in colour, shall in future be carried on by a new firm, entitled Messrs. Jean Boussod, Manzi, Joyau, and Co. The business of printsellers and fine-art publishers will

be carried on by this firm at 25, Bedford Street, Strand, in the premises which Goupil and Co. occupied for many years.

The *Art Journal* deals with the work of Mr. George Frampton, A.R.A., and has a very timely article on the Langdale linen industry. There is a good reproduction of Mr. Frank Dicksee's picture, the Funeral of a Viking, and of Mr. R. W. Macbeth's "The Miller's Daughter."

The Eastman Photographic Exhibition, which is being held at the New Gallery until Nov. 16, is a wonderful monument—the word is not too large—of the work which photography, by the aid of the nimble Kodak, is doing in our midst. The Central Gallery is devoted to a noble show of Kodaks and of appliances used in film-photography, the intricate description of which need not occupy any space here. In the West and North Galleries many prints and enlargements from negatives taken in these cameras are shown. One in particular may be mentioned, which, however, hangs in the South Gallery. It is the enlargement in six different sizes of a single street-scene, each being enlarged directly from the original, and not in ascending stages. It needs, of course, immense skill and knowledge to accomplish a feat of this nature, but, nevertheless, the fact that it can be accomplished speaks volumes for the possibility of the Kodak.

Among the most interesting of the exhibits are certainly the X-Ray Illustrations—a number of radiographs taken on the special Eastman paper for that object. It appears that one of the advantages of this paper is that a large number of radiographs can be taken at one exposure by using several sheets of the paper one above the other, the impression being made right through, as clearly on the bottom sheet as on the top. Certainly the examples hung in this gallery are singularly interesting. It would not be easy to get anything so complete and level in excellence as the examples of hands here given, and, in a popular sense, other photographs of a cat and a rabbit in the endurance of the same process. Beyond these, there are some beautiful examples of prints on a new Bromide paper and on sensitised fabrics, such as silk, linen, satin, and the like.

Under "Examples of Prints upon Solid Printing-out Paper" may be seen also sets of photographs illustrating the comparative effects of different toning-baths upon solid prints. Different toning-baths—which are methods of altering the colour of silver prints by the deposition of other metals upon the silver image—give different colours according to the way in which they are used.

In a word, the exhibition contains pretty well as complete a list of modern devices which can be of artistic use and of scientific value in the modern development of the Kodak as the most ambitious photographer could wish for. A word should be added in praise of the extremely effective scheme of decoration in white and purple, by Mr. G. Walton, which forms the setting of the show.

The present exhibition at the Grafton Galleries is separated into two independent parts. The Society of Miniaturists have their own private show in one room, and the Society of Portrait-Painters have theirs in the others. The latter is an exceptionally interesting collection.



A REVOLUTIONIST.—W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

Now in the possession of Provost Orchar, Broughty Ferry, and reproduced from the "Art Annual."

MISS LOUIE FREEAR.

On a certain evening in April 1895 the critics turned their faces, with little expectations, to the Duke of York's Theatre, which had just passed into the hands of Mr. Levenston. Their previous experience of that house—twice rechristened—had not been very happy, and the reports that had reached them from the country about "The Gay Parisienne" were not particularly encouraging. But every man of them, however bored with an endless succession of plays, was compelled to laugh that night. Miss Louie Freear had come to town. It is safe to say that not one per cent. of the audience on the occasion had ever heard of Miss Louie Freear before, but on the morrow morn all London rang with her name. Even the gentleman who reduces farcical absurdity to an algebraic formula, and who discusses Mr. Grundy in the terms of Aristotle (in the original Greek), gave way to her infectious humour. But anybody from the provinces could have foretold the house that night that Louie Freear was a great comedienne. Born in 1872, she began acting in childhood, and had fulfilled various engagements before she appeared in a pantomime in Sanger's Amphitheatre at the mature age of ten. For the next fifteen years she was learning the art that made the Duke of York's Theatre shriek with laughter that evening. The handsome young ladies who walk on in musical burlesque have not a chance beside her. They know absolutely nothing of the stage; Miss Freear knows every aspect of it. Thus it is that once again she has become the heroine of the hour by her extraordinarily brilliant impersonation



MISS FREEAR IN PRIVATE LIFE.

in "Oh! Susannah!" of the slavey grotesquely christened Auróra. The play itself is not a masterpiece of humour—to put it bluntly, a great deal of "Oh! Susannah!" is extremely stupid—and yet on the first night that somewhat blasé audience which helps to start every production shook its sides over Louie Freear's humour, and the pathos of the comical situation in which she found herself placed gripped the house. In the beginning of the piece she strikes the note of humour the moment she comes upon the scene. There is something strangely pathetic in her desire to look after "the dear doctor," starving as he is beneath the roof of her mistress in a struggle to get a footing in practice. Her almost maternal solicitude for him is fanned into something of a more emotional kind by the appearance on the scene of several young ladies, who, she believes, have an eye upon the heart of "the dear doctor," and it is emphasised in the catchword, "I will struggle with 'em!" In the last act of all, where, believing that the doctor is actually going to marry her, she appears in the funny costume represented in the accompanying picture, she is very grotesque indeed, verging into mere burlesque. But this is the only point in the whole piece where she does not seem to be absolutely real, compelling your pity as well as your laughter. No woman on the London stage at this moment has anything like the genuine sense of humour that

Louie Freear possesses. It is, probably, partly the result of intuition, partly the result of experience. Anyhow, it is there.



AS AURORA IN HER BRIDAL DRESS AND IN HER BASEMENT GEAR IN "OH! SUSANNAH!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.



MISS VIOLET LLOYD AS MOLLY SEAMORE IN "THE GEISHA."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANIADO AND BELL.

AN UNKNOWN POET.*

Some years ago Sir George Trevelyan, then Mr. Trevelyan, and Chief Secretary for Ireland, in answering a question in the House relative to, I think, the composition of the Irish National School-books, acknowledged that within a very recent period he had not heard of James Clarence Mangan. A good many literary folk are, it is to be feared, in the state of Sir George Trevelyan before his enlightenment. With the younger Irish writers Mangan has come into his kingdom; one would say with the present generation of Irish readers also, if that class was not a negligible quantity.

Perhaps by this time the Irish National School-books have abandoned the old, bad, denationalising traditions of the Whately régime, and have included Clarence Mangan among their poets. I do not know. Certain it is that, if he does not get honour in his own country, he yet goes unknown in England. The younger Irish writers aforesaid have done their best to spread his light. The more or less excellent Irish anthologies, commissioned by generous publishers since there was talk of a Celtic revival, have given him his place as the foremost Irish poet; none near to dispute his kingship but Sir Samuel Ferguson, and he less essentially a man of genius, though his work keeps a far higher level than Mangan's.

However, the Celtic revival, except in so far as the producers are concerned, is great cry and little wool. The public that cares passionately for Miss Corelli and Mr. Hall Caine, and has welcomed with disproportionate ardour the work of Mr. Crockett and the Rev. Mr. Watson, cares as little for Irish poetry or Irish idylls as it does for the Northern Celticism of Miss Fiona Macleod. It would be easy to decry the public choice, but that were to leave oneself open to the most obvious retort.

However, it begins to dawn slowly on us why work like Miss Barlow's, for example, should not command its million readers like the Drumtochty idylls. As a matter of fact, the Celt, and more especially the Irish Celt, is not *persona grata* with the great middle-class that forms the bulk of the reading public. He is held really in as profound distrust as though Mr. Gladstone's bitter pill had never been loyally swallowed. The prejudice is partly race, but even more religious. Literary circles have no inkling of this, and still judge the work of the Celt on its merits. Publishers have been generously slow in coming to recognise that Irish books have little of a public. But it is to be feared that to this recognition they have been forced, or will be forced at last.

Mangan was the one really literary figure—if we except the fine prose of Mitchel's "Jail Journal"—of the '48 movement in Ireland; that is to say, he was the one essential poet of the band of gifted men who, under the influence of intense patriotic emotion and appealing to an emotional audience, were all poets *à servir*. He was overshadowed in his own day by nearly all the others, by Davis most of all. Yet Davis achieved nothing in poetry to be named in the same breath with Mangan's. His poetry was, indeed, but a tool in his hands to serve an end, and the Muse, who will have all or nothing, often conspicuously deserted him, never at all gave him of her choicest. And the same applies generally to the poets of that day as poets.

Distinction was the one quality lacking in nearly all the poetry of the time. Facile metres, commonplace diction, obvious thoughts, were the rule in poetry written especially for a newspaper and readers of newspapers. There was more distinction in the work of Edward Walsh, a poor, unknown schoolmaster at the convict settlement of Spike Island, than in all the rhetorical outflow of Davis and his circle.

Mangan at his best possesses distinction in full measure, pressed down and flowing over. "Dark Rosaleen" has it in every line. The strange passion of that unearthly love-song never loses its rapt dignity. The same distinction is present in many of the translations from the Irish, notably in the widely different "Lament of the Bard O'Hussey for Hugh Maguire." There was, no doubt, something weird and ghostly about Mangan that made him at his finest in laments. His Irish translations, like all the rest of his translations or pseudo-translations, bear about the same relation to the original as FitzGerald's Omar does to the Persian poet.

Mangan wrote voluminously. His poetry and his opium dreams—if they were not to a certain extent synonymous—were his only happiness, and he indulged in both not always wisely. Miss Guiney has perhaps been too inclusive, though so fine an artist as she has proved herself must needs be an austere critic. Probably she has kept much that she would otherwise have rejected because of the interest attaching to Mangan rather than from any merit she sees in them. But a very thin volume would constitute Mangan's claim to immortality. The German translations, and those from more or less spurious Easterns, might go almost bodily. The rhymes and metres are a study in ingenuity indeed, but, despite the fine ghostliness of the translation of Bürger's "Lenore" and the music of the lyrics, these have no place beside "Dark Rosaleen."

Miss Guiney enjoys Mangan's humour. Well, one remembers that she has confessed to a great love of graveyards. To me it seems that Mangan always jested holding, like Hamlet, a skull in his hand.

Miss Guiney's preface is sympathetic, illuminating, observant, very full, and contains some fine criticism. Let it go that she calls Collins, of "The Passions," a greater poet than Mangan. She has done more than anyone, except, perhaps, John Mitchel, to bring Mangan to his own. But one doubts that an American public, more English than the English, will care a jot for Mangan till London leads the way. That the

Atlantic Monthly gave her hospitality for her Study is, one feels sure, rather a kindness to Miss Guiney than to Mangan's still unsheltered head.

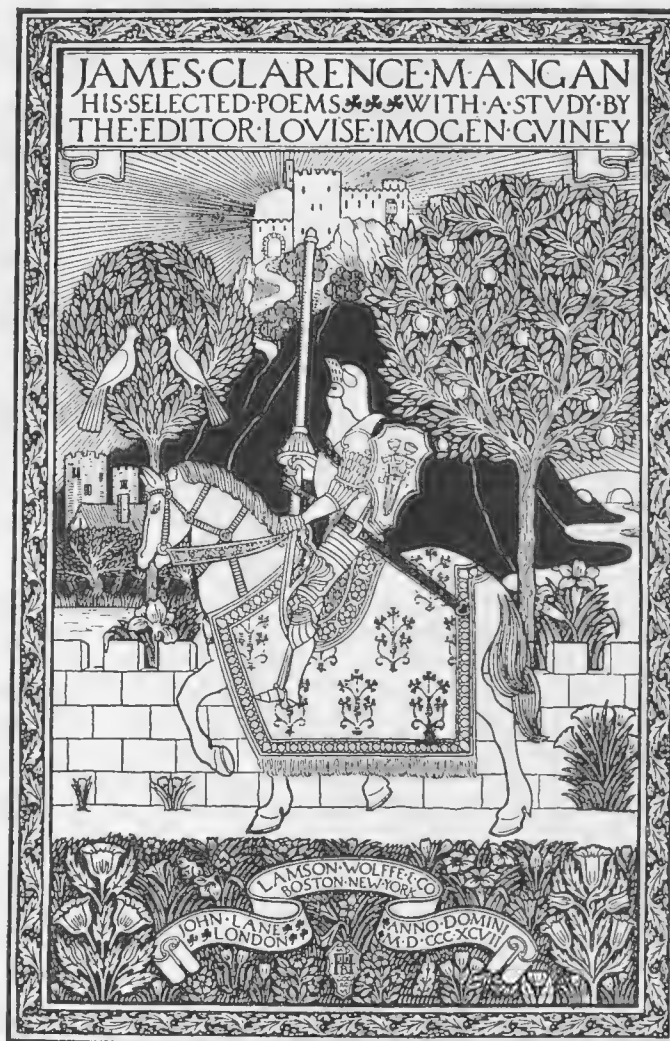
The queer, weird little portrait that makes the frontispiece to this book gives us certainly Mangan as he must have looked in life, before Death had laid upon him the majesty and mystery of Sir Frederick Burton's sketch of the dead Mangan. From this portrait I carry away a more human impression of Mangan than I have ever had before. He was one of the unhappiest of men, marked for unhappiness even among the children of genius. There is nothing more remarkable in his genius than the impression his own writings give you of his sordid and grinding circumstances. Perhaps they were not so bad, after all. Perhaps the cruel father and the vampire brood of brothers and sisters living on the poet's scrivenery, and the foul and mocking office companions, were only goblins seen in the night of the poet's imagination. Very probably so, for it is hardly any man's lot to live such unrelieved gloom. Even a tender mother, such as shines like a star in many a dark firmament, we hear nothing of in Mangan's case. The mother, too, was of the breed of vampires. "Miserrimus" might have been written on Mangan's tombstone, and no poet has left us a more piercing cry of sorrow than there is in his "Nameless One."

Mitchel's description of Mangan as he saw him perched on top of a ladder in the Trinity College Library helps one's gloomy thoughts of the poet. "It was an unearthly and ghostly figure in a brown garment—the same garment which, to all

appearance, lasted till the day of his death. The blanched hair was totally unkempt, the corpse-like features still as marble; a large book was in his arms, and all his soul was in the book. I had never heard of Mangan before, and knew not for what he was celebrated, yet I took a volume and spread it on the table, not to read, but, with pretence of reading, to gaze upon the spectral person on the ladder."

Set side by side with this haunting portrait the shy, elusive, delicate, yet altogether human face in the frontispiece to Miss Guiney's volume. The two together help one to a clearer understanding of James Clarence Mangan.

KATHARINE TYNAN.



COVER OF "JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN."

The doughty exploits of the gallant Gordons in India will certainly be the best possible stimulus to the appeal for the strengthening of the ranks of the famous regiment issued last August by the Colonels of both battalions. As everything relating to the "gay Gordons" is of supreme interest just now, an extract from a letter addressed by Colonel W. H. Dick-Cunyngham, V.C., commanding the 2nd Battalion at Aldershot, to the secretary of the Edinburgh Gordon Highlanders' Association may opportunely be given. What signal accentuation the closing words have acquired the slopes of the Dargai heights declare—

Lieutenant-Colonel Mathias and myself are extremely anxious at the present time to secure for the Gordon Highlanders a good class of recruit, and we hope that we may be able to obtain the assistance of those who have previously served in the Gordon Highlanders, and who still retain an affection for, and take an interest in, the welfare of the regiment to which we are all so proud to belong.

* "James Clarence Mangan." Poems. With a Study by Louise Imogen Guiney. London: John Lane.

A CHAT WITH MISS ELISABETH MARBURY.

"Am I right in supposing that you are absolutely the only lady who is engaged in your special line of business—namely, as a literary dramatic agent between author and manager?" was the first question which I put (writes a *Sketch* representative) to Miss Elisabeth Marbury, whose

genial manner, with her bright, intellectual face, at once wins your confidence, and so specially fits her to successfully fill the office of intermediary between the producer and the consumer of dramatic literary wares.

"Yes, that is so. I may say, as a mere simple fact, that I am the only woman in the world who is devoting herself to the service of the dramatic author in negotiating the disposal of the result of his literary labours. Of course, there have been many other agents, but these have more or less had a financial interest in the play itself. I never have any. My own

interest is entirely subordinated to that of the author. I am merely his secretary or representative. As a rule, playwrights are terribly bad business-men, often too shy, too sensitive, and, at times, too ethereal, to come in touch with the workaday man-of-the-world manager."

"That is so, no doubt, and, really, nothing puts the intellectual machinery more certainly out of gear than the disagreeableness of peddling," I remarked.

"Precisely; and under such conditions I venture to think that I can be of use. I protect the author's interest often against himself, while I am able to introduce to a manager just the play of which he is in search. I am a thorough woman of business; my whole training had led me to look on life from a serious point of view. Possibly you already know that my father, Francis F. Marbury, was a well-known New York lawyer, and for twenty years, as counsel, represented the British Crown, and was concerned in all the important extradition cases, among which the great Bidwell forgery proceedings will be specially within your remembrance. When only six years old I thumbed my Latin Grammar in a high chair placed beside my father's writing-desk, and generally I was reared in an atmosphere of deeds and other legal documents. Without a doubt, if I hadn't been a girl I should have been a lawyer, like my father, my grandfather, and half-a-dozen of my uncles. So, you see, it is not surprising that I am able to draw up contracts in my business."

"You have agencies, I understand, in New York and all over Europe?"

"Certainly. New York, London, and Paris are my headquarters. I spend six months of the year in America and six months in Europe. When the theatrical season draws to a close in April in New York, then your spring season is beginning over here. However, I am continually crossing backwards and forwards. Indeed, I am obliged to spend a great deal of my time in travelling, as I have, too, agencies in Berlin, Vienna, and Madrid. When I tell you that I generally get from ten to fifteen cablegrams a-day, and an average of forty letters, you may suppose that I have not much leisure."

"It would be interesting to know how you first launched yourself into this class of business?"

"It was through my having represented Mrs. Hodgson Burnett for three years in all transactions in connection with the play of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.' It was when that piece had played itself out that it occurred to me that I might take up similar work for other clients."

"And now?"

"Well, now I have no cause to regret that I did so. Of course, my introduction to Sardou, as President of the Society of Authors, has been an immense help to me. He became at once greatly interested in my work, and, indirectly, to his patronage and influence I feel I owe the recognition of my work by the Academy of France, which very recently conferred on me the decoration of Les Palmes Académiques, at the hand of the Minister of Public Instruction. Yes, I am frankly proud of it," she added, as she lightly touched the violet ribbon of the Order which was pinned on the front of her dress. "There are only a few English and American ladies, I believe, who have received this decoration. I am able to say, too, that in all English-speaking countries I am the official representative of the French dramatists. Formerly the worry and difficulty of obtaining royalties on their productions compelled French playwrights to sell their work outright, but now they leave the collection of these and the superintendence generally of their interests to me."

"Now, as to manuscripts sent to you to find a market?"

"Well, I don't allow personal taste to influence me in business. For

instance, a problem-play would receive the same attention as a musical comedy. I deal with wares of all kinds."

"You have sometimes a demand for a certain class of dramatic work?"

"Quite so. For instance, after a success like 'Charley's Aunt,' 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' or 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' I receive any number of applications for similar plays."

"From your experience, do you think you can predicate successes?"

"Failures more easily, of course. For instance, perhaps a manager has made a great success. He has scored, say, with a historical piece, and he seems to think that when he puts on the next play he has only to produce a piece of the same character. Successes are often difficult to recover from. A manager is too apt to let his ideas work in a groove; they are often too cut and dried."

"And the actor-manager, what of him?"

"As a rule, he is not a good judge of what will suit the public. He is aware that he is a great popular favourite, but it does not occur to him that there may be too much of him in a play he puts on."

"Now give me your view of the vitality of dramatic thought in different countries?"

"As to prolificness, France takes the lead; but only about a sixth of the plays produced are capable of being adapted for the English stage. However, there are very clear indications that, among the younger playwrights in France, the purer theme of the simple love-story of the English school of dramatists is making its influence felt, to the growing exclusion of the topics dealt with in divorce courts."

"One hears little of Spain either in the musical or dramatic world?"

"Yes. However, at the present moment I have a Spanish opera which has been produced in Madrid and Cairo on my books. It is a fine work. No, I prefer not to mention the composer's name, but the title of the opera you shall know. It is 'La Gran Via.'"

"What about the copyright law?"

"As you probably know, America was unfortunately not included in the Treaty of Berné, and, although a statute was passed in 1891 in America which regulated copyright in respect of books and plays, it is defective with regard to music. It was only last year that the law was altered with respect to the granting of injunctions. Previously, one had to obtain a separate injunction in each State of America to stop the performance of pirated plays; now one can get an injunction which extends to all the States. Formerly, if you obtained the assistance of the law in one State, the pirate was over the border and playing in the next with impunity. Pursuing such people was expensive work. I remember the law costs in getting injunctions *re* 'Jim the Penman' amounted to fully three thousand pounds."

"Have you thought about the future of English drama?"

"Well, you seem at the present time to be taking allopathic doses of musical comedy—very complacently. You went through a course of problem-plays and have survived them. Plays dealing with the interchange of male and female attire seem brisk, and romantic costume-plays appear to find many votaries. It is rather a *table-d'hôte* age; we seem to require a variety of courses."

"After all, Irving's productions at the Lyceum always form a standing dish?"

"Most properly. I am quite sure no one has done so much for us in America as Sir Henry Irving. To us he is the first manager who has come over with a complete production. He has created a standard of taste before which all previous productions were comparatively slipshod, and he has brought interest in the drama to thousands of my countrymen who never leave our continent, for it is, remember, the minority of Americans which represents the travelling public. Sir Henry has left an indelible mark on the dramatic world in America."

With this charmingly expressed tribute to the work of the head of the profession in England, I made my adieux.



"WE TWO."

Photo by Weston and Son, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

The last week in October is like summer here at Arcachon, where I sit at an open window, gazing over a smooth expanse of sea dotted with white sails. It is in the Bassin d'Arcachon that renowned oysters lie snugly in their little beds, protected from marauding crabs which prey upon them in their infancy. In the middle of the Bassin, pleasantly known for duck-shooting, is the Île des Oiseaux, where, an hour ago, I had the emotions of the Walrus and the Carpenter when they beheld the little oysters waiting in a row. A courteous gentleman with bare feet deftly inserted a knife just where two mated shells were locked in fond embrace; and he repeated this operation till I could make no pretence of appetite. Meanwhile, he explained how the oysters I was eating had been attached at an early age to tiles at the bottom of the Bassin—a device which seemed to me at the moment to throw an aspersion on their moral character. I have heard of oysters in love, and of oysters full of melancholy. Is it possible that on the tiles they indulge in the fugitive gaiety and the declamatory sentiment which are associated with the happy hunting-ground of the cat?

Originally this coast was a sandy waste; but an enterprising engineer scattered seed far and wide over the dunes, and now his memory is honoured by a forest of firs. This happy idea has saved Arcachon from the dreariness of seaside places which have no natural advantages save sand and brine. Behind the *plage* rises a hill covered with delicious green woods, full of *châlets*. Some of these reveal more imagination than taste; but when you have to bury your villa among gigantic firs, eccentricities of architecture enjoy indulgent notice. One of the villas is already famous for a romance of crowned heads. A mural tablet records how King Alfonso XII. first met the Archduchess Marie Christine (now Queen-Regent of Spain) beneath that roof. You can rent this desirable dwelling and its priceless associations as if it were a commonplace *châlet*, and feel every morning when you take your coffee that you are breakfasting off the dawn of a royal love-dream. These woods were made for romantic ecstasies. They remind me of Maupassant's emotions in "*Sur L'Eau*," when he dogs a pair of lovers in sheer desperation at his own loneliness. He has betaken himself to his yacht in one of those fits of spleen which made him hate his species; but the tormenting desire of companionship drives him ashore, and, finding two young people absorbed in one another, he pursues them with bitter envy. Now, the lonely voyager at Arcachon is saved from this morbid distress of mind by the physical energy of pushing his bicycle up the steep, circuitous, and rugged experiments in road-making which some municipal humorist is pleased to call *allées*. Is it not of the bicycle that the lady in Henri Lavedan's story exclaims with heat, "*Quel instrument d'amour!*"

I have finished here that strange book, "*Amitié Amoureuse*," which, for some inexplicable reason, Parisian critics have called the love-letters of Maupassant. A bookseller in Paris assured me this was authentic, and added that the lady to whom the letters were addressed, and whose own epistles furnish the bulk of the volume, still remained veiled in mystery. It is still more mysterious that the gossips who have made free with Maupassant's name in this connection have neglected to discover his correspondent. This is a strange lapse of their inventive genius. There is no evidence whatever in the book to identify Maupassant with Philippe de Luzy. Philippe says he was born in 1859; so at this moment he is thirty-eight. Maupassant died some years ago at forty-two. De Luzy is an indolent man about town who cannot be persuaded to do a stroke of work. His correspondent, Denise, urges him to adopt literature as a career, and offers him a subject for his first article. He replies that the subject is charming; but it troubles his heart so much that he cannot write about it. This is Maupassant, who studied the art of fiction under Flaubert for seven years before he was allowed to publish a line, and who, after he had turned thirty, produced in the few remaining years before he lost his reason half-a-dozen novels and many volumes of short stories! Philippe complains that he suffers from lack of will; he is the martyr of barren aspirations. What a contrast to Maupassant's unhesitating vision and unquestionable industry! Moreover, Denise, who appears to have known Maupassant well, actually cites him by name as a model of that vigour of mind which enables an author to brood over a project for a few months, and then produce his work as if it came from him like Minerva from the brain of Jove.

It is conceivable that these letters are founded upon an actual correspondence. The psychology of the two persons is so vividly real

that our old friend the human document seems to be alive on many a page. But I incline to the belief that the entire work is an admirable piece of fiction. Paul Bourget might have written it. Denise wonders what sort of a romance he would have made out of these letters, and the obvious comment on this is that she is a study of femininity that recalls his best manner. Then the book is constructed with such skill that the sequence of the letters develops more than one story, till you have a clear view of the relations of various people to the chief personages, partly set forth by adroit reports of conversations. Both correspondents have the gift of dialogue which comes in just at the right moment, when the reader is a little weary of analytical dissertations. They tell each other delightful anecdotes of a certain lady whose wit is, to say the least, audacious. Denise has a niece of whom she is jealous, because Philippe, who is rather a comprehensive amorist, has turned the girl's head. Towards the end the interest is heightened by a duel, introduced in a manner which students of French novels will recognise as not unfamiliar. The most striking incident is Denise's story how she waited in a cab opposite Philippe's rooms, hesitating to take the last irrevocable step, and how, when she saw him leave the house, she burst into tears, and was consoled by the coachman. If Paul Bourget did not write that, he must be flattered to think he has a faithful disciple.

"Charlotte was a married lady, and a moral man was Werther." There is no Wertherism in "*Amitié Amoureuse*," but domestic virtue moults very few feathers. Denise, who is living apart from her husband, resists the too passionate advances of her friend; and when she, in turn, becomes inflammatory, he responds with discouraging good counsel. She has a daughter and he a younger brother, and they decide in the end to educate these young people to marry each other. This praiseworthy consummation of an amorous friendship ought to commend the book to English readers, though I question whether a translation would have any success. In England we prate about virtue till it becomes a senseless image; and a book which describes with infinite subtlety, delicacy, and grace the struggle towards an ideal union between a man and a woman, whom society does not permit to form the closest tie, would be voted dull by most readers who are brought up on our marketable fiction. Probably the interest of the French public in "*Amitié Amoureuse*" is due less to its extraordinary literary merit than to the figment about Maupassant, whose personality has just been added to the monuments of Paris. There is a certain incongruity in that bust in the Parc Monceau. He never cared much for Paris at any time, and the Parc Monceau is the last place one would associate with his genius. Fancy a bust of Dickens in Mayfair!

I wish some tender-hearted person would start an agitation in France against the 'drilling' of the French recruit in public. In the most frequented spot in the middle of a town you come across this luckless wight, who is learning his goose-step with the air of a marionette in torment. "*Un—deux!*" shouts the inexorable sergeant, and the novice, sticking one foot straight in front of him, tries to balance himself on the toes of the other. I never see this painful spectacle without feeling that the foreigner ought to apologise to the recruit for watching his initiation in *la gloire*. His feelings are not always respected by his compatriots. I was distressed lately by the behaviour of a lively Frenchwoman in a train, who, as the door of the compartment opened at every station and admitted a soldier, indulged in pointed sarcasms, specially aimed at a very youthful warrior, whom she persisted in addressing as "*Brigadier*." Was this a train or a barrack? Would the Brigadier have the goodness to take his men to the nearest perfumer's and anoint them with agreeable essences?

These gibes were received with sheepish good-humour. Sheepishness, indeed, is a conspicuous quality in the soldiery I have met. At Tours I saw a considerable body of troops shambling through the streets like a flock of sheep, with scarcely any attempt at formation. Marching it could not be called; but the officers seemed quite indifferent, and there was nothing in the attitude of the spectators which suggested indignant criticism. Military display is not the highest of national virtues; but if the recruit cannot be taught his "*un—deux*" better than this, why not keep him out of sight?

"Scoli" Liquid Glue is the latest novelty. It is claimed for it that it will revolutionise the old methods of utilising glue, which in itself has never been surpassed. Substances of every description have failed in giving the same tenacity as afforded by real glue. "Scoli" is pure glue, and without any injurious ingredients whatever. The patent consists in the method of manufacture which has been discovered by Professor Mills, of Glasgow.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN INDIA.

GENERAL SIR WILLIAM LOCKHART, K.C.B., K.C.S.I.

The Commander-in-Chiefship in India is one of the most responsible military appointments under the Crown, requiring a man with the widest experience as a soldier and possessing the best attributes of a practical statesman, which qualifications, however, would not meet the requirements of the situation without being supplemented by an extensive knowledge of India. His supervision is not confined to the faithful and easily managed British Tommy, nor to the small areas of territory entrusted to his less responsible colleagues elsewhere. He has the control of four huge *corps d'armée*, scattered through enormous provinces which stretch from Chitral on the north to the Indian Ocean on the south, and from Chaman on the west to the Burmo-Chinese border on the east; and he and this gigantic force must be in a constant state of preparedness for sudden outbreaks in any direction. As "Sir Ali Baba, K.C.B.," wittily put it, "At Simla and Calcutta the Government of India sleeps with a revolver under its pillow—that revolver being the Commander-in-Chief."

A conscientious Chief will deem it incumbent upon him to visit, at least once during his five years' tenure, every garrison of any importance in the Empire, especially those nearest the perennially unsettled frontiers. The forces under his Excellency's orders are recruited from many incongruous races, differing so widely in their characteristics, social and religious, that the military authorities have the gravest anxiety and perplexity in so arranging their disposition and apportionment as to prevent dangerous friction. But his duties extend beyond his profession as a Commander, in that, as "Extraordinary member" of the Viceroy's Council, a great deal of his limited time is absorbed in expressing opinions upon technical *civil* subjects quite foreign to the military side of the administration. To this important post Sir William Lockhart has been appointed, and it would have been difficult to get a better man. He is one of the most distinguished and experienced of our soldiers in India, and he has started with a memorable record which only a few now on the active list can excel even outside that country.

Born in 1841, a son of the Rev. L. Lockhart, of Wicketstow, and Milton Lockhart, Lanarkshire, he is a nephew of the biographer of Scott. He entered the army in 1858, and in the same year, at the age of seventeen, found himself serving in Oudh with the 5th Fusiliers. In the Bhootan campaign of 1864-66 he was adjutant of the 14th Bengal Lancers, a most responsible post in the field for a boy of twenty-three years of age. He received the medal and clasp. In the Abyssinian campaign, which brought Napier his peerage, he was aide-de-camp to the Cavalry Commander, and was present at Arogee and the fall of Magdala. He was mentioned in despatches and received a medal. In 1866-67 he was attached to the Instruction staff of the Swiss Army, and the following year found him serving as Deputy-

Assistant-Quartermaster-General on the north-west frontier of India with the Hazara (or Black Mountain) field force. He was mentioned in despatches and received a medal and clasp. During the Dutch war in Achcen, in 1875-77, he was employed as an attaché with the Dutch Army, and was present at the capture of Lambada, where his skill and prowess as a leader won the admiration of the Dutch. He was mentioned in despatches and received the Dutch war-medal with clasp. He served in the second Afghan War of 1879-80, first as Road-Commandant in the Khyber, and afterwards as Assistant-Quartermaster-General to Sir F. Roberts. He was present at the operations round Kabul, including that never-to-be-forgotten investment of Sherpur, was

mentioned in despatches, and received the C.B. and a medal with clasp. Subsequently he acted as Chief of the Staff with Sir Donald Stewart's force, and at the termination of the war was appointed to the "Intelligence Branch" at Simla, where he did valuable work and built up what is now an important and indispensable department. On his quitting it in 1885 he left indelible marks of his originality and industry. His gazetteers and other useful military literature will remain invaluable.

In 1885 he was selected by Lord Dufferin to conduct a political mission to Gilgit, Chitral, and the neighbouring States. In this enterprise Colonel Lockhart proved himself as able a politician among Orientals as a soldier, and he was highly complimented by the Viceroy on his success. Colonel Lockhart next took charge of the office of Quartermaster-General in India, but was soon afterwards deputed to take command of a brigade in Burmah, in the operations connected with and succeeding the overthrow and expatriation of King Thebaw and the annexation of his territory to the British Empire. He was mentioned in despatches, received the thanks of the Government of India, another war-decoration, and the K.C.B. He subsequently became Assistant Military Secretary to the Duke of Cambridge, and later on was appointed to the command of the Punjab Frontier Force, during his tenure of which he conducted two expeditions against the Miranzais on the north-western frontier, again receiving the thanks of his Government, those of the Commander-in-Chief, and promotion to Major-General for distinguished service in the field.

In 1892 he commanded a successful punitive expedition against the Isazai tribe on the same frontier, and in 1894-95 he led a large force against the Waziris, in consequence of their treacherous attack upon Wano under the leadership of Mulla Powindah. He was again thanked by his Government "for the skilful manner in which he had conducted the operations to a completely successful issue." He received another clasp and the K.C.S.I. He has proved his gallantry otherwise than as a soldier, for he holds the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society for assisting in saving the lives of two women who had been upset from a boat and were drowning in the Morar Lake in Gwalior on Dec. 26, 1869.

He now commands, politically and militarily, the troops operating beyond the Peshawar and Kohat borders. He knows the whole frontier. Sir William has been twice married, and his present wife is the daughter of Captain William Eccles, of the Coldstream Guards.



GENERAL SIR WILLIAM LOCKHART, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FORCES IN INDIA.

Photo by Maull and Foz, Piccadilly.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

We are in for—so we are confidently assured—a coming “boom” in comic opera of the old pattern, and a cessation of the species of entertainment known as the “musical comedy.” In fact, several critics have announced the doom of the latter, owing to the manner in which it has been abused, as to quantity and quality alike, by those responsible for writing or producing it. That there has lately been an undue neglect of light opera and an unnecessary profusion of “musical farces” and such, no one would deny; but to argue from this that the “musical comedy” is to disappear and the comic opera take its place, is going considerably beyond what facts will warrant.

There was a time, within the memory of most playgoers of the present, when we were inundated with light operas, just as we now are with musical farces. These pieces were mostly from the French, more or less cut about and padded out; the libretti, as is almost inevitable in translations and adaptations, were not brilliant; the lyrics, as is quite inevitable in transferring verses from French to English prosody, were doggerel. The two glaring defects of French comic opera are the weak third act and the limited range of dramatic motives, some of them (such as the double pavilion and the interrupted wedding night) always distasteful to English audiences. One light opera from the French had enjoyed long popularity, and was believed to have paid; and so, many managers and syndicates, vying in originality, if not in innocence, with the sheep, rushed into light opera from the French. Though one swallow may not make a summer, one *Cigale* made many frosts.

About the same time, the later development of burlesque, known as the “Gaiety” type, had outworn its popularity. Instead of taking a well-known legend or play and following it closely in a sort of parody, the authors of the later burlesque borrowed a name and a slender thread of narrative from a well-known tale, or sometimes took the story and turned it inside out. The rhyming couplets and agonising puns of the older form faded out; the burlesque was a mere vehicle for song-and-dance and scenic effect, and all sorts of funniments, borrowed from everywhere, leading nowhither, and forming a sort of variety entertainment. Of this, too, the public tired.

Besides the over-multiplication of the comic operas, another cause contributed to bring them into disfavour. The number of persons able to act tolerably and sing music that made any demands on the voice was never large, and became smaller still. The former favourites outstayed their welcome, and there was no one to take their place. Whether from lack of training or defect in capacity, the fact remains that at present England can apparently furnish only two *prime donne* of light opera, one popular baritone, and one or two tolerable tenors. There may be ladies and gentlemen capable of rivalling these artists; but they are not at present obvious, and, what is worse, managers have almost given up looking for them. Before we have a new “boom” in comic opera, we shall need to remedy our lack of singers who are also actors.

The “musical comedy” sprang from three sources. There was the light opera, which had fallen out of favour partly from over-production, partly from lack of singers and defects in translated libretti. There was the “variety” burlesque, dying of its own sheer inanity and formlessness. Finally, there was the ordinary farce. The musical structure came chiefly from the light opera; the “music-hall” element, conspicuous in the early specimens of the kind, from the late burlesque; the modern subject and free treatment from the ordinary farce. At first, an attempt was made to keep to the operative standard of music; but, unless one or two of the few popular singers could be recruited for the cast, the vocalists were often a bore from their bad acting, and tended to disappear. Dancers and soubrettes were the chief female element, light and low comedians the male, and where there are dancers and low comedians, there is the music-hall.

Some critics have declared that the new, or, at least, novel, form of entertainment had great possibilities, which were thrown away by the fatuous imbecility of authors and managers. I confess I do not see this. The “musical comedy” cannot be developed very far without ceasing to be a distinctive kind. If the musical side is made prominent and the chorus used effectively, we have, as in “*The Geisha*,” a light opera with a modern subject. If we repress the chorus and make the story the main thing, we have a comedy or farce with occasional musical numbers—a vaudeville. If we make the piece fantastic and satirical, we have an opera-bouffe or burlesque. The much-decried “variety” element was really the most characteristic thing about the “musical comedy,” and that was borrowed from the later burlesques.

In fact, the “musical comedy” is an attempt to have some of the attractions of light opera and burlesque without the weary and irrational conventions of either, and without providing parts for the actor-vocalists who are not to be found in sufficient numbers. It is, like all musical pieces, a compromise. As compared with opera, it sacrifices music to story and fun. As compared with comedy and farce, it sacrifices dramatic to musical effect. But it oscillates between light opera and comedy, or between opera-bouffe and farce.

MARMITON,

A PICTURE OF JOHN HUNTER.*

Most people, of course, know something of Lincoln's Inn Fields; some may have noticed on its southern side a tall, gaunt building that shelters that incorporate body the Royal College of Surgeons and the Hunterian Collection; some may even have heard that every spring the learned Council of that body appoints a man to hang up a dummy figure of John Hunter and knock the dust from the much battered and belaboured rags of his memory, greatly to the admiration and edification of a small and select audience that annually meets to see the performance. The performance has gone on these many years, and even had Hunter been a greater than Shakspeare and lived in the Dark Ages instead of last century, his name, fame, and works could hardly stand up before such a long and continued battery. The College of Surgeons acted uncommonly wisely when it annexed Hunter's collection of specimens; it cost him £70,000, the Government bought it for £15,000, and gave the College £15,000 to take it in charge. The facts of his career are well known; but not a single soul that has touched him has got inside him and given a living and true picture of him. It was a living picture of him that was wanted; Fisher Unwin offered the best of type, the best of paper, and the best of binding to Mr. Stephen Paget to serve him up life-size for the public use; he has served up the brushes, the palette, and the paints—a mere mass of Hunterian scraps.

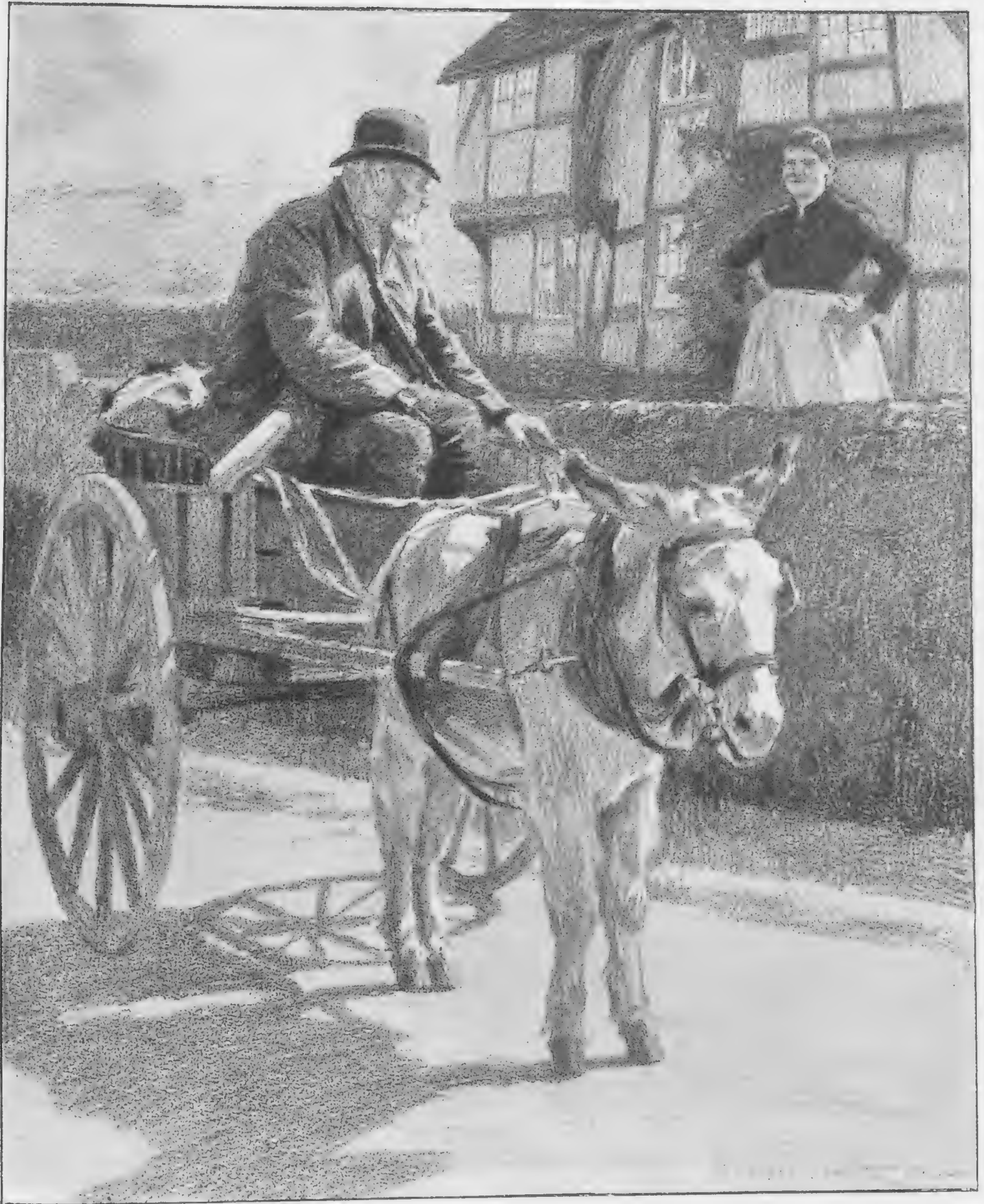
Never was there a man that offered a biographer more picturesque material than John Hunter. He never wore mental clothes; he neither cultivated his vices nor his virtues; they both grew luxuriously, and he neither shaded nor clothed them. He was one of those diminutive, sandy-haired, ferret-eyed, fiery-tempered, aggressive southern Scots, born with a dash of genius like most Scots south of the Forth, youngest and spoiled of a family of ten, son of an aged, impecunious laird and of a mother fondling and weak; but, the smaller the estate, the greater the pride, and John Hunter came heir to it all and grew up an idle, irritable, illiterate, unlikeable loon. At twenty he was just the sort of fellow that friends wish to see dumped down out of sight and out of mind in one of the colonies, or the happy recipient of the King's shilling; but that was not Hunter's destiny. His brother William—who always fastened every button of his plush coat and wore wonderful buckles on his shoes, and with all his heart was all things to all men—had crossed the Border, made way in London medical circles, and started a small anatomical school, and he took “Johnny” to London to do the good Scotch elder brother to him. They were “Johnny” and “Willie” to each other then; twenty years afterwards they were Mr. Hunter and Dr. Hunter to each other; they were a couple of fighters; and when in their older years, at the very top of their profession, they hated and fought as Scotch brothers know how over finical little points of discovery that would hardly bring a modern medical student a second-rate prize. This little, sandy-haired, ill-conditioned Glasgow loon, with, no doubt, the full-flavoured Glasgow accent, learned to use his hands in the dissecting-room; dissected dexterously, swore profoundly, lost his temper frequently; learned to read the human body like a book; sweated and taught like a demonstrator of the present day in a London hospital; got drunk and had rows with that vile crew the resurrectionists; made a Hades of the theatre gallery on first-nights; told strong stories in low resorts among gross and sensual people; always working, learning, and thinking.

His brother had seen enough of him; he got him the commission of a surgeon in the army. But there was no peace wherever he placed his foot; his waspish nature and his contempt for every other soul made him crowds of enemies. But all the time he kept on experimenting, observing, and gaining facts and experience at first-hand. He returned to London, began practice on his own account, and married a tall, handsome, stylish, educated woman. He settled down to make fees that he might buy material for research; she set herself out to form a very select circle of all the men and women of the itinerant Bohemian fashionable crew of the time. Both were successful. He got a house in Leicester Square, just south of where the Alhambra now stands, and at present being demolished, with a museum at the back containing seventy thousand pounds' worth of preparations, showing how animals lived, moved, and had their being; a printing-press of his own to issue his writings; carriage and flunkies for himself, carriage and flunkies for his wife; men-servants, maid-servants, fifty all told; with saloons, levées, and all the paraphernalia of such a life. He slept four hours; worried, fought, and dissected twenty in the twenty-four. Always fighting, he went out one fine summer morning, when he was sixty-four years of age, to have a final tussle with his colleagues on the staff of St. George's Hospital, lost his temper, dropped down in his anger, and died.

Who, then, was John Hunter that the Royal College of Surgeons should make a god of him and the world be mindful of him? Take any of his papers, his work on inflammation, his numerous papers upon the generation of heat and allied subjects—none can really be called classical. It was not what John Hunter did, and he did a great deal, nor what he taught, and he taught good matter stutteringly; it was the example he showed. When the medical world was hide-bound in tradition, when men wrote what they imagined, and believed implicitly what was written, he went boldly for facts at first-hand, and believed what his eyes could observe and what his mind could deduce from his facts. His specimens are in the College of Surgeons to teach truth for all time. Specimens cannot tell lies, but specimens have to be read and interpreted, and the English world still waits the man that will read Hunter's specimens and teach all they tell.

* “John Hunter.” By Stephen Paget. London; T. Fisher Unwin. “Master of Medicine Series.”

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



RAGMAN : Got any old bottles to-day ?

COTTAGER : Not to-day ; but I think you 'd be likely to get some at th' Squire's ; 'is wife 's been away, and she be comin' back to-morrow.



WIFE (*who is used to being knocked about, to HUSBAND, who is nagging at her*): Well, give me a black 'un and 'ave done with it!



THINGS I HAVE NOT SEEN: A WATER-SPOUT.

THE COOKES OF CIRCUS FAME.

There is an aristocracy even in the sawdust, which is dominated more or less by families as far-reaching as our nobility. Perhaps the oldest circus family in the world is that which bears the historic name of Cooke, and which is now represented by Mr. John Henry Cooke and his children, who form the fifth generation. The first Cooke was a contemporary of the original Astley, and was an immense favourite in Scotland towards the end of last century, when his first violin enchanted Burns at Mauchline by playing "The Braes of Invermay" and "Roslin Castle." He was succeeded by his son, Thomas Taplin Cooke, who was a first-rate all-round performer—equestrian, tight-rope walker, leaper, and heavy balancer. Like many of his descendants—for wherever there is a circus there is a Cooke—he travelled all over the world. He built several great circuses in America, saw many ups-and-downs of fortune, but lived to the good old age of eighty-four. He left a family of twelve to perpetuate his name and fame. The eldest, who lived until he was nearly ninety, was a most ingenious stage-manager; the second introduced circus performances to the Queen, who visited his establishment at Astley's. He lived until he was seventy-eight. Another son, Henry,

A WEIRD BOOK.

"Yermah the Dorado" (San Francisco: W. Cham Doxey) enters the scene as a solitary horseman on the plains of California, but here Frona Eunice Wait parts company for ever with the school of G. P. R. James. Mrs. Wait's creatures lived 11,147 years ago, when American citizens had not shown signs of their future greatness and "no man was allowed to take an advantage in a barter." Yermah is described as the Ideal Man of all time. He is worth taking a second look at. "He had a large hand, evenly balanced and well formed, the right thumb drooping over the left when the hands were folded. The joints of the fingers were of equal length, showing a love of detail, and he had a manner strict and proper, with quick perception of little courteous attentions. His round, pink nails denoted liberal sentiments, and his small clean-cut ear helped to bear out other testimony of his having been born during the morning hours." Yermah is the chief in Tlameco (the San Francisco of his days), and his career is much influenced by one Akaza, the hierophant, who "clasped Yermah's forearms just above the elbows with such nice precision that his thumb and fingers pressed the musculo-spiral and ulnar nerves connecting with the sympathetic,



MISS EDINA MARIAN COOKE WITH SULTAN.



KNIGHT OF THE DESERT PRETENDING TO BE DEAD.



KNIGHT OF THE DESERT DOING THE CAMEL-STRETCH.



MISS ERNESTINE COOKE WITH KNIGHT OF THE DESERT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY LUMSDEN.

was the tight-rope walker of his day. It is his eldest son, Mr. John Henry Cooke, who now runs the circus called after the family name. His family, including Mr. Leicester, Miss Ernestine, and Miss Edina Cooke, are first-rate riders. It is they who are represented in the accompanying snapshots.

The beautiful pure-bred Arabian, Knight of the Desert, with which Miss Ernestine is shown, was purchased from Lord Lovat for two hundred pounds as a five-year-old. Miss Ernestine, who trained him, found the task a difficult one, but she mastered in the end. His temperament has been described as more like that of a gazelle than a horse. He does a very pretty performance, including walking, trotting, and galloping by word of command, lying down in four different positions, throwing up his head and kissing his trainer while lying down. The camel-stretch shows the attitude when he goes down on his knees and lays his head and neck on the ground straight out in front of him, exactly as a camel does when resting. He is also a beautiful waltzer and a very pretty leaper. Sultan, Miss Edina's horse, cost £120 unbroken, and has also been trained by Miss Cooke. His principal performance is in the "poetry of motion." This act is gone through at a trot the whole time. Miss Cooke, standing upon the horse bareback, puts it through a series of graceful evolutions, changing, threading, and circling round pretty pedestals placed in the arena. In this act also is introduced a flock of elegant pigeons, which light upon Miss Cooke's head and shoulders as she stands upon Sultan, who then lies down.

and through these to the cardiac, solar, and hypogastric plexi." This Akaza was a fellow who "ate water-cress, strawberries, grapes, and all vegetables and fruits growing on vines." He had also a knack, though this is not stated frankly, of carrying the ace of trumps up his sleeve. And he would even play it shabbily. Yermah loved the priestess Keroecia, and, in spite of his "round, pink nails," purposed making her his wife. Akaza said, "No, young man; you must be content with influx of soul." Neither of the lovers jumped at this prospect, so he brought their homes about their ears with a terrible earthquake which left them little but soul to make love with. Yermah had an appetising selection of topics to talk of in his courting days. He asks his loving Keroecia, "Dost thou believe in transmigration? I am agreed with thee that life is a vibration of Divine Will, moving in a spiral, but physical man is the lowest rung contacted by the ego." The vocabularies of mythology, astrology, dubious science, quack medicine, are all drawn on to make this book. Mahatmas are left out in the cold. Yet is there strong reason to suspect that Theosophy hath done this thing.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

JUBILEE YEAR AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

A TALK WITH THE RETIRING LORD MAYOR.

"The King is dead; long live the King!" This means that the season has come round again when one Lord Mayor retires from the Mansion House and another is enthroned there. The City of London gives its kings short reigns—a brief twelve months to each; but it keeps them going while they are in power.



SIR GEORGE FAUDEL-PHILLIPS.

It is a commonplace (says a *Sketch* interviewer) that the reign of Sir G. Faudel-Phillips has been a particularly brilliant one. To begin with, it fell on the great year of these times; he has been the Diamond Jubilee Lord Mayor. In the second place, he has risen to the occasion—upon that all agree—and choose your tribute as you will, there could be no higher one. It was not easy to be the Diamond Jubilee Lord Mayor; Sir Faudel-Phillips has succeeded abundantly.

"Will you tell me," I asked him, the other morning, at the Mansion House—"will you, after your year's experience of the office, tell me what are the qualities which a Lord Mayor ought to possess?"

"Assuredly," was his answer, "a Lord Mayor ought to have perfect health. The work is heavy—heavier than anybody outside could imagine, and without strong health it would bear very hardly upon a man. Next, a Lord Mayor should have tact—tact morning, noon, and night; it will stand him in wonderful stead. Again, he must be pretty apt at speech-making, and not only so, but have an instinct for saying the right thing on a hundred diverse occasions. Finally, it is not undesirable that he should have no money anxieties. He will be easier if he does not find it necessary to let one hand know how the other is spending."

"Well," I pursued, "what would be your word on the past year—are you satisfied with it?"

"Oh," he said, "satisfied is not by any means an adequate word! We have had a most interesting time—how interesting one can hardly tell—and I shall look back upon it all my life. It was a happy fortune which found any man Lord Mayor in such a historic year for the English nation as this has been. As to the kindness extended to myself and the Lady Mayoress, it has simply been enormous. It has come from all sides, and all sorts of people, and I should like it to be felt that we are very grateful."

"What was the general impression that the Jubilee celebrations left upon your mind?"

"One of admiration and amazement. You felt that in no other country of the world could such a sight have been seen; the Queen, I always think, filled her part with such marvellous beauty—that was the great centre of the picture. Queen and woman, and both perfect; a most gracious and touching figure. Then recall the splendid attitude of the people; a dignity reflecting that of the Queen herself. Taking Sovereign and people, we had truly a superb lesson in the nation's greatness. Moreover, it was so gratifying that the Queen got through the demands, which Jubilee Day might have made on one much younger, without feeling any the worse. When she returned to Buckingham Palace she telegraphed to her Chief Magistrate saying that she had not suffered at all. It was another instance of her forethought, of her remembrance for everything."

"There is one point in the history of the Jubilee procession which I should much like to set at rest for all time. What, precisely, was the Queen's exclamation when you vaulted upon your horse at Temple Bar?"

"Ah," laughed Sir Faudel-Phillips, recalling that feat of horsemanship. "Why, her words were, 'Capital, capital!' Some folks seem to have supposed that a Lord Mayor, just because he was Lord Mayor, could not be a horseman. Why, I have ridden and hunted ever since I could do anything. I'm not very big, and little people often have a turn for horseback and a good seat in the saddle. On Jubilee Day I was mounted on a capital little mare—a mount to go anywhere or do anything with. She was just the animal for the occasion, if you knew how to manage her—a trifle light in the mouth, only her rider had to keep that in view. 'Capital, capital!'—yes, that was the Queen's expression."

It was a royal compliment, and it could hardly have been other than grateful to the Lord Mayor's ear. He loves a horse, and we all picture up in memory how well he looked in his peer's robes as he accompanied the procession through the City. Yes, he wore the robes of a peer that day; the Lord Mayor is always entitled to do so when a ruling Sovereign visits his realm. Sir George is being painted in these robes by Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A., and no doubt the picture will by-and-by be on view somewhere.

"Her Majesty was graciously pleased to inscribe her name in the Lady Mayoress's autograph album. The list of signatures which it includes is

perfectly remarkable—ever so many distinguished names. The album, I need hardly comment, having regard to its contents, is esteemed by the Lady Mayoress as a wholly unique treasure. When I was down at Windsor," Sir Faudel told me, "the Queen did me the high honour of desiring me to sign my name in the visitors' book, which I believe the Czar of Russia sent her for special use in connection with the Jubilee."

"You went to Windsor, I think, to offer to the Queen the congratulatory address of the City Corporation?"

"Quite so; that was the event. Her Majesty was good enough to remark, 'Let me take this opportunity of again thanking you for the magnificent reception which you accorded me in the City, and for all that you have done on the present occasion.' Afterwards she sent her private secretary to me with the request would I go and sign her visitors' book. That was an honour, and one which I much appreciated, I can assure you."

"Now, apart from the Jubilee itself, you have had an uncommonly busy time at the Mansion House?"

"A most uncommonly busy time, what with relief funds, banquets, meetings, and other doings. There were likewise our visits to Paris, to Belgium, and to Ireland, all of them interesting. The geniality with which the Parisians received the Lord Mayor of London was most marked. It was 'Vive le Lor' Maire!' and, what delighted one's heart even more, 'Vive l'Angleterre!' Although it was undertaken almost on the spur of the moment—that is, without any preparation or fuss—I feel that the visit to Paris did good—good in every sense."

"I have read somewhere that the Mansion House relief funds have during the year raised something like £1,000,000?"

"I fancy that would be about the sum, and it shows what an admirable agency the Mansion House is in this respect. The Indian Fund was of course, the largest—over half a million in itself—but big sums were also raised for the Essex Fund, the Lady Mayoress's branch of the Princess of Wales's Fund, and so on. The Maidstone Fund is growing rapidly, and I expect that it will add considerably to the other figures. I find that, during my period of office, I have been present at three hundred and fourteen dinners, meetings, or ceremonies of one sort or another. From that calculation I exclude Lord Mayor's Day of last year, also the visits to France, Belgium, and Ireland. At each dinner, meeting, or ceremony I have had to speak—sometimes to speak half-a-dozen times in an evening. How many speeches I have delivered as Lord Mayor I should therefore hesitate to say—certainly an appalling number. I mentioned to you how necessary it was for a Lord Mayor to have good health and some art in speech-making. You will understand the force of my observation all the better when you link with it the facts which I have just stated."

"The routine work of the Mansion House, the dealing with correspondence, and the rest—all that must also be borne in mind?"

"Just so. It would be hard to tabulate a list which did include every call upon the Lord Mayor. He must be equal to a long demand upon his energies, but it is also a great satisfaction to have the opportunity of carrying through so much public work. And you are brought into contact with so many notable personages—in itself a rich experience. Who have we not had at the Mansion House? The Prince of Wales, Lord Salisbury several times, Mr. Chamberlain—but I should simply be going over the names of our public men. Then we saw many of the visitors who were here for the Jubilee celebrations—princes of foreign houses, our own kith and kin from beyond the seas."

"And you had at least two ruling kings—the King of the Belgians and the King of Siam?"

"Yes. King Leopold and his great parts as a ruler are familiar to us all. The King of Siam we got to know very well during his stay here. His Majesty, I believe, was much pleased with his visit to the Mansion House—he enjoyed himself thoroughly. He struck me as a man of very high ability and intelligence—as one from whom, in the development of his country, large results might be expected. He was an excellent talker, and most amiable and attractive all round."

"Your lordship, I believe, will have more orders to wear, if you care to do so, than almost any Lord Mayor who has filled the chair?"

"Well, I suppose I have a good many, but the one which I value above all others is the G.C.I.E. recently conferred upon me. It is a beautiful order in itself, only the point is the high distinction which it carries. It was a recognition by her Majesty of the fund which we succeeded in raising for the relief of the distress in her Indian Empire."

"A last question—you leave the Mansion House looking back upon your year in it as perhaps the most important of your life?"

"I do, and I am sincerely grateful to everybody. There I also convey the thanks of the Lady Mayoress, who has done so infinitely much to make the mayoral year what it has been in earnest effort and, I hope, in good results. The Lady Mayoress is delighted with the Mansion House year, delighted beyond expression. And here I may add that one of the most precious qualities for office which any Lord Mayor can possess would be to have such a Lady Mayoress, such a family, to help him as I have had to help me."

As I came away I asked Sir Faudel-Phillips whether he had any fresh portrait which he could give me to illustrate my article.

"Oh," he replied, "see if Mr. Soulsby can find anything for you. But that," he added, "is perhaps the best thing that's been done of me." He pointed to a framed drawing standing near by—a drawing of the King of Siam and himself at the banquet to the former. "It appeared," he said, "in the *Illustrated London News*, and Sir William Ingram was kind enough to send me the original."

Thus it is I have placed this portrait of Sir George in my memoir of the Jubilee Year at the Mansion House.

A CHAT WITH MR. W. LESTOCQ.

The clock of the handsome Church of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, was striking the hour of my appointment with Mr. William Lestocq as I entered his spacious private office in Henrietta Street. It at once occurred to me (writes a *Sketch* representative) that such punctuality might shock him, versed as he is in the ways of the theatrical world. I therefore offered him my apologies.



MR. LESTOCQ.

Photo by Barrauds, Oxford Street, W.

"I am afraid that punctuality is also one of my own weaknesses. It comes from the way I was brought up, I suppose. You see, I began life as a clerk in a railway clearing-house, and we had no time-margins there," replied the up-to-date little man who, with his business-like qualities in curtness of decision and rapidity of execution, efficiently represents Mr. Charles Frohman in this country.

"Tell me, Mr. Lestocq, how you first came to know Mr. Frohman?"

"It was when Harry Nicholls and I sold him the American rights of our farcical comedy 'Jane.'"

"Ah, the naughty Jane!"

"Anyhow," he replied reprovingly, "there was only one doubtful line, and that was

passed by the Censor. Well, it was soon after that occasion that I executed one or two little bits of business for Mr. Frohman, and the despatch with which I did them, I suppose, gave him satisfaction, for, about five years ago, he appointed me his regular representative over here. He gives me an absolutely free hand to buy anything in the way of plays, whether produced or unproduced, and generally to make any arrangements I think proper; and I may tell you that the most important part of my work consists in my making up my mind as to the purchasing of the American rights of a new play between the fall of the curtain on a first night and my arrival at the cable office. For instance, before the audience was clear of the theatre on the opening night of 'White Heather' at Drury Lane, I had practically bought the American rights of the drama—indeed, the contracts were signed and part of the purchase paid over by twelve the next morning, while the script of the play was on its way out by the following day. Look at that pile of cablegrams," he added, as he lighted a cigar; "there are nearly fifty there from Mr. Frohman alone, and only since July last."

"What a very pleasant business yours must be!"

"Yes, it is a great pleasure to work for Mr. Frohman. He is the cleverest man I know, and scrupulously just in all his dealings, especially as regards looking after the interest of the author. Besides his great commercial abilities, he possesses an intensely dramatic and artistic nature."

"You have not been in America, I believe; then how do you know what will suit the public over there?"

"To understand American audiences would require the study of a lifetime, and to attempt to gauge their taste by a short visit would, like the partial knowledge of any subject, be a dangerous thing. What is wanted is simply a good play, a play that is well constructed, a play that is full of human interest. Such a play plays itself all the world over."

"And you are agent for a number of managers who want negotiations concluded with a view to the performance of English plays abroad?"

"That is so. We don't send many plays in English to France. Germany is more reciprocal, as I have sent 'The Geisha' and several other plays to that country."

"I suppose 'William Lestocq' is a mere *nom-de-théâtre*?"

"Well, my full name is Lestocq Boileau Wooldridge. I cut off the last two joints for family reasons, when I first took to the stage; besides, people used to tell me that Lestocq was a name with a 'cue' at the end of it that one couldn't forget."

"In spite of your clerical work at the railway clearing-house, you found time to write plays?" I suggested.

"Oh yes, I did a good deal that way at one time. I wrote 'In Danger' in collaboration with H. Creswell, 'Uncles and Aunts' with Walter Everard, 'A Bad Penny,' 'Sins of the Fathers,' 'The Sportsman,' 'Sultan of Mocha,' and a lot of other plays. From an early time I was an ardent supporter of the Ladbroke Theatre, the home of the amateur. But I think my professional start was in a farce played at eight and ten at Cremorne Gardens between the intervals of the dancing on the crystal platform. Then I took parts at the Marylebone and the old Victoria. Afterwards I got my nose up West, and sang in the drinking chorus in 'The School for Scandal' for the magnificent sum of nine shillings a-week! It was when John Clayton, Pattie Oliver, and Amy Fawcett were at the Vaudeville. I was a quick study, and was often called on at short notice to 'wing parts.' I was in the original 'Our Boys,' in 'The Road to Ruin,' and played Caleb Deasy for Tom Thorne in 'Two Roses.' Then about 1882 I joined the St. James's company, and

went on tour with Hare and Kendal with 'The Queen's Shilling,' 'The Squire,' 'Lady of Lyons,' &c. Then back I went to the Vaudeville and appeared in 'Confusion' and 'Saints and Sinners.' At the Opera Comique I played with David James in 'The Excursion Train' and 'The Guv'nor.' Then I joined Charles Hawtrey's company at the Globe, and was engaged to play the waiter in 'The Pickpocket'; but I gave the part up to Penley. He is one of my oldest friends. I also appeared in 'New Lamps for Old' and 'The Judge,' and have stage-managed several plays."

OUR MUSICAL VISITORS.

Champions of native talent will look askance at the Philharmonic programme for the season. "Grieg, Moszkowski, Humperdinck"—these are the names that stare you in the face from placard and advertisement—all of them deplorably un-English. Yet they will probably fail to detect any coldness in our welcome. We are a cosmopolitan people, and while we throw coppers to German bands and Italian organ-grinders, we will not withhold our hospitality from Prussian conductors and Scandinavian composers. Grieg opens the season tomorrow. There is no living musician so dear to the amateur as he. The daintiness and piquancy of his pianoforte pieces, the beauty of his songs, the picturesqueness of his rhythms and harmonies, really leave one no option in the matter. Even that fickle bird, the casual concert-goer, has been caught by his "Peer Gynt" suite, one of the half-dozen compositions known to the Queen's Hall which *never* escape an encore. When Grieg paid his first visit to London, nearly ten years ago, his works were known to comparatively few. To-day his name is a household word, in houses, at all events, where they sing or play.

When Grieg came here in 1888 the *Observer* referred to him as "the celebrated Russian composer." Previously in Paris he had been set down on the programme as "Suédois," a description which so exasperated a Norwegian in the audience that he insisted on the conductor explaining to the audience that the honour belonged to the other side of Scandinavia. Any Norwegian probably would have done the same, for Grieg is one of those prophets who are abundantly honoured in their own country. He enjoys a pension from the King, which saves him from the drudgery of teaching. Bergen, where he has a villa, is immensely proud of him, and in the capital, where he founded a choral society, and conducted it for many years, he is received with almost royal honours.

Of Grieg's life—he is a year or two over fifty—there is not much to say. If eventful for the world, it has been uneventful for himself. He owes his musicianship, first, to his mother, who was a gifted pianist; in the second place, to Ole Bull, by whose advice he was sent to the Leipzig Conservatoire; and also to his compatriot Nordraak, who lived just long enough to divert young Grieg's talents into the channel which earned for him from Bülow the title of the "Scandinavian Chopin." For thirty years he has varied long spells of composing with roamings through Europe. His wife, also a musician, usually accompanies him. She is the chief interpreter of his songs, many of which owe their inspiration directly to her. His association with Ibsen and Björnson—as in the case of "Peer Gynt"—has been most happy.

Grieg finds that he composes best in sequestered spots. Once, in order to get seclusion, he built himself a cottage on the top of a hill overlooking the Hardangerfjord. But he was getting famous, and Norway was getting popular, and "tourists hit on the idea of installing themselves in boats outside his windows." Similarly, inquisitive people have been known to hire, at an extra fee, the room next to Paderewski's in the hotel. But, in spite of these drawbacks, Grieg believes that he did his best work in the Hardangerfjord days.

Grieg's compositions are of such range and variety that Mr. Wood gave a "Grieg day" at his Symphony Concerts last season. It is doubtful whether that treatment exactly suits Grieg, for he is at his best when he is absolutely unpretentious. If he wrote a symphony, it would probably be the least effective of all his works. He has given us a fine concerto, and some magnificent violin sonatas; but, after all, he is most alluring in his piano pieces and songs. His brevity is not the least of his charms. In this respect, and perhaps in others, he is a kind of parallel to Rudyard Kipling. They are certainly two of the most exhilarating forces of modern art.



HERR GRIEG.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up:—Wednesday, Nov. 3, 5.27; Thursday, 5.25; Friday, 5.24; Saturday, 5.22; Sunday, 5.20; Monday, 5.17; Tuesday, 5.15.

From Jarrow-on-Tyne I hear of a firm that is doing well and producing first-class bicycles. The name of this firm is Palmer's Shipbuilding and Iron Company, Limited, and their machines are known as Palmer's Cycles. I see that the company have adopted a system advocated long ago in these columns, and since taken up by many of the leading English firms, namely, the system of building ladies' bicycles with a 28-inch front wheel and a 26-inch back wheel. Many experienced lady cyclists tell me they prefer machines so made—first, because they are easier to work; secondly, because they are less liable to wobble; thirdly, because they look more graceful. Perhaps the last reason should come first. The company build machines of one grade only. That grade is the highest.

Professor Goodman has lately answered a question that I am repeatedly being asked by correspondents unknown to me, and it is satisfactory to note that we agree upon "this naughty point," as Ralf Bigod would have called it. The question is, "Do high bicycles skid more easily than low bicycles?" The question does not refer to the gearing, and the reply is emphatically "No." Upon the contrary, high bicycles are less liable to slip up. Let anybody who doubts the truth of this statement ride a machine with a twenty-six or twenty-eight inch frame in London when the wood pavement is slippery, and then endeavour to thread the traffic of Piccadilly on a female bicycle. He will soon find himself sprawling among horses' hoofs, and riddled with a volley of 'bus-drivers' Billingsgate.

Inventors interested in cycling are at last turning their attention to bicycle-saddles; but whether their attempts at improvement will be crowned with success remains to be seen. So far, the two best saddles that have come under my notice are, first, the saddle shortly to be fitted to all Cleveland cycles; secondly, the Pattison Hygienic Saddle. The latter is completely divided in the centre, towards which, being concave, the surface inclines. Thus the weight is not only thrown upon the "ischial" bones, as it should be, but the saddle is also adjustable to the comfort of each rider by means of a screw, which widens or diminishes the opening, thus securing a wide or narrow seat at will. The peak of the saddle is placed upon a spring, which prevents undue vibration and jolting, and relieves the forward pressure which is so injurious to certain parts of the anatomy. I think that Mr. Wilfrid Pollock, of shot and shell and cycle fame, also Mr. "Jim" Parfitt, the biggest, heaviest, and most delightful barrister that ever fingered a brief or handled a cricket-bat, will appreciate more than most men the advantages of the Pattison Hygienic Saddle if ever they give it a trial. Alexander the Great is said to have buried enormous suits of armour in order that his successors might, upon discovering them years afterwards, marvel at the magnitude of Alexander and his fellow-men. When Mr. Parfitt saunters off to some other planet, he might emulate Alexander's example by burying his bicycle, for verily, as the Scotchman said, it is a great concern.

There is much to be said on both sides with regard to the action of the National Show Committee, who announce their intention to refuse admission at the forthcoming exhibition to cycles of American manufacture. We are all aware that a tariff of 45 per cent. is imposed upon English cycles entering America, and this of itself may be accountable to some extent for the apparent lack of courtesy shown by the English committee in question. But the impression, already largely spread, is to the effect that English manufacturers fear their Transatlantic competitors, an impression not likely to be dispelled by the Americans themselves. I may have more to say upon this subject next week. Meanwhile, depend upon it, American trade will not suffer in the long run, though I, who am English, say so.

A year or more ago I stated in this column that, though the European ladies in Japan were devoted to cycling, and were frequently to be seen in the gardens of the British Legation wheeling in the company of the young diplomatists, I thought it hardly probable that the native ladies would adopt the wheel, owing to the inconvenience of their very irrational dress; but I now hear that these difficulties have been overcome, and that the Mikado has laid out an excellent track "in his garden cool and shady," where, screened from public view, the Empress and her suite are able to disport themselves on the *fin-de-siècle* steed. One cannot but regret that the day is fast approaching when the modern bicycle will supersede the poetic jinrickshaw, and the native coolies will parade the streets of Tokio singing the Japanese equivalent of "We've got no work to do."

A thorn is but a small thing, and so is a grain of dust; but when the former punctures your tyre and the latter invades the tender recesses beneath your eyelid, both are answerable for a large amount of inconvenience, not to say no little bad language. To obviate the presence of thorns upon the highway would therefore seem to be an indirect means of raising the moral tone of the community, by removing a cause of much profane swearing. The leading cycling clubs of the country, though not, perhaps, from such a high moral motive,

have been memorialising various County Councils throughout the land with a view to the passing of by-laws regulating the clipping of hedges and the leaving of clippings upon the highway. I am told, however, that this is a matter which comes under the jurisdiction of the police rather than the County Councils. I am not in a position to say if this be so or not, but I trust the long-suffering cyclist will not be left in the lurch through one authority shifting the responsibility on to the shoulders of the other, and each, in turn, disclaiming jurisdiction in the matter.

Even on the confines of the twentieth century superstition is not dead, nor is the up-to-date cycle exempt from the influence of witchcraft. The fair rider who dreads a "cropper" may avoid the painful results of such an "unforeseen contingency" by providing herself with a charm which is said to protect the wearer from falls. This mystic talisman, I understand, consists of a turquoise set in a ring, locket, or bracelet, which, of course, must be engraved with the weird cabalistic sign before which the wicked demons who upset cyclists fear and tremble. Considering the nature of the charm, one ceases to wonder at the superstition, for, with such dainty talismans, witchcraft may well die hard.

A contemporary gives a recipe for an effective thirst-quencher. It is a little late in coming, now that the heat of summer has given place to the autumn frosts, but if anyone likes to try it, here it is: "Mix a teaspoonful of finely powdered gum-arabic with two teaspoonfuls of glycerine, stir in a tumbler of water, and add a little lemon-juice." It may be effective, but I think the ordinary and well-known lemon-squash sounds more appetising.

There can be no question as to the levelling tendency of the wheel. Not long ago something was heard regarding the literary relaxations of a female cook. Possibly the employer who objected to what she conceived to be a mere waste of time did not possess any literary tastes; at any rate, the devotion to culture on the part of the domestic who alone among menials is believed to dominate, if not terrorise, the majority of households, did not lead to the breaking down of caste. Let servant and mistress, however, become devotees of the wheel, and the middle wall of separation at once collapses. Here is proof of the assertion. A family in one of the leading West-End squares recently betook themselves to a country-house in Dumfriesshire. The lady of the house, as a matter of course, took her bike with her. While sojourning in the South of Scotland, the cook, on the expiration of her term of service, journeyed north to her Highland home, speedily acquired facility in the use of the wheel, and acquainted her former mistress's maid, who had meanwhile become wedded to the bike, with the fact. Upon hearing this, the lady, as quickly as possible, proceeded, accompanied by her maid, to the home of her quondam domestic, and established herself for some weeks in the humble cottage, whence lady, lady's-maid, and cook emerged every day for long runs, and it is certain that no pedestrian whom the trio scoured past could detect the social inequality of the fair riders. What could be a more natural sequel than that the lady, now returned to town, should communicate, as she has done, with her recent cycling companion, whose services in culinary matters she again desires to secure?

Military cycling is again to the fore, and we hear of more experiments to test the usefulness of the wheel in the field. Two hundred engineers of the Russian army, mounted on motor-bicycles, recently tried conclusions with a number of Cossacks mounted on horses over a cross-country track for a distance of about 120 miles. The result showed that where the ground was bad the Cossacks had the advantage, but on good ground the horsemen were not in it. In the French army manoeuvres, held a short time ago in the North of France, the cycle was once more found to be a most valuable adjunct to military equipment, so much so that the King of Siam is seriously thinking of introducing them into his army. In our own country I hear that both Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts believe strongly in the value of the bicycle in time of war, and foretell a great future for it.

Wheeling seems to be anathema with the authorities of the Berlin Opera House, for they have prohibited their singers from "biking" down to the theatre of nights. Perhaps they are afraid of accidents to their Lohengrins and Brünnhildes.

There is quite a flavour of King Alfred and the Burnt Cakes about the latest experience of the ex-President of the French Republic, M. Casimir Périer. He is staying in the Champagne district, and his favourite recreation is to ride out on his well-beloved bicycle in order to get an appetite for his *déjeuner*. The other day M. Périer and his son found themselves before an auberge close to Champigny-sur-Yonne. Hungry as wolves, they asked the good landlady what there was in the house to eat. She could only give them the sorry satisfaction of sardines and eggs. "But surely," replied the ex-President, "you could get a beefsteak?" The worthy lady replied that she could certainly get the beefsteak, but, as it was half an hour's walk to the nearest village, she did not seem inclined. "If," she continued, "I had—" M. Périer interrupted her. "Yes, if you had a bicycle. Well, you are perfectly right." And, without another word, he rode off, bought his beefsteak, and brought it back to be cooked. It was only two or three days afterwards that she found out the identity of her visitor, and then she wanted to write and beg his indulgence.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

GOLF.

It is idle to say that golf is losing its popularity. In the neighbourhood of London, at any rate, the votaries of the game steadily increase in number. Some take to it by instinct, others on the doctor's recommendation, and not even the stories of cheating which correspondents send to a morning paper day by day deter honest men from sharing the sport. A

anything like the big sums which are said to have been offered for him. At the same time, the Kendal stock is stout, and Mr. Platt got a bargain when he bought that famous sire.

It is gratifying to see the foreign horses doing so well on the English Turf, and the Americans are having a loud crow over the many successes gained by animals under the charge of Huggins. There is no question that in Lord William Beresford Mr. Lorillard has a shrewd partner and capable adviser. His lordship is unbeatable at placing horses, and his long experience of racing in Ireland has made him a grand master of the art. Lord William, like his brother, Lord Marcus, is immensely popular among all classes of racegoers, and he does not hesitate to tell anyone asking when his horses are expected to win.

There was a notice on the Gatwick card—and I fancy I have seen it on other cards—to the effect that the weights were only calculated for the public convenience, and that owners and trainers would do better to calculate for themselves. The public whose convenience was so studiously considered paid sixpence for the card, and on the second day of the meeting had the gratification of reading that the weight carried by Swords was getting on towards a stone less than he actually carried in the race. Now the public who support gate-money meetings like Gatwick, and who pay quite full value for their race-cards, are, I maintain, entitled to better treatment than this. There have been many occasions lately when the official card has contained bad blunders, and it is a lame way of getting out of it by printing a notice to the effect I have mentioned above. If it is an official card, surely the weights and all other information contained therein should be absolutely correct.



Dr. Thompson Hague.

SOME MEMBERS OF THE NORTH SURREY GOLF CLUB.

Photo by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.

new course has been opened at Norbury by the North Surrey Golf Club. This club has risen in the world rapidly. It began in a humble way at Balham; then it laid out a nine-hole course adjoining Furzedown, and now it has a complete course of eighteen holes. Only one of the holes at present is over three hundred yards from the tee, but when some additional ground has been obtained there will be seven holes of from three hundred to five hundred yards. The River Graveney, with which players at Furzedown are so painfully familiar, runs through this course also, and has to be crossed four times. There are not many other natural hazards, except in a few trees and in a small brook—let no one dare to call it a ditch!—but there are quite enough artificial bunkers, and some of the putting-greens have been cunningly placed to destroy a good score, particularly at the "Hades" hole, where the green is completely surrounded by a fence and an embankment. It is too soon yet to write confidently concerning the ground—winter may test it severely, but meantime it looks well, and the Committee have prudently printed across the scoring-cards a warning that "a golfer's first duty is to replace turf." There are some pleasant views on the course. At one of the entrances stands a thatched cottage—what they call in Scotland a "thaekit hoosie"—and at certain points the player might imagine himself far out in the country. The old-fashioned double-storeyed, plain-fronted house, The Hermitage, has been converted into a club-house, in which players may even have a bath. There is a spirit of enterprise in the young club, of which the principal officials are: Captain, Dr. J. Thompson Hague; vice-captain, W. T. E. Donnison; hon. treasurer, Dr. Louis Robinson; and hon. secretary, W. A. Cole. Let it be added, to the credit of this rival of Furzedown, that the course is open to ladies, except on Saturday and Sunday.

RACING NOTES.

I am afraid the three-year-olds are nothing like so good this year as last, and I very much question whether Galtee More is within seven pounds of Persimmon's form in the Derby. The position of St. Cloud II. in the Cambridgeshire showed that fourteen pounds would have brought Galtee More and the American colt together in the race for the St. Leger, and I am afraid the Irish colt is not worth

Kempton Cannon, who has added to his fame by riding the winner of the Cambridgeshire, is a well-behaved lad, and it is a great deal in his favour that he never bets. It was only last year that he could be often seen munching sweets on the racecourse, but he now goes in for more substantial diet. The younger Cannon has fine opportunities, as he rides for his father's stable, and is, therefore, certain of plenty of practice. The boy is fond of cricket, hunting, and yachting, and enjoys an evening at the theatre.

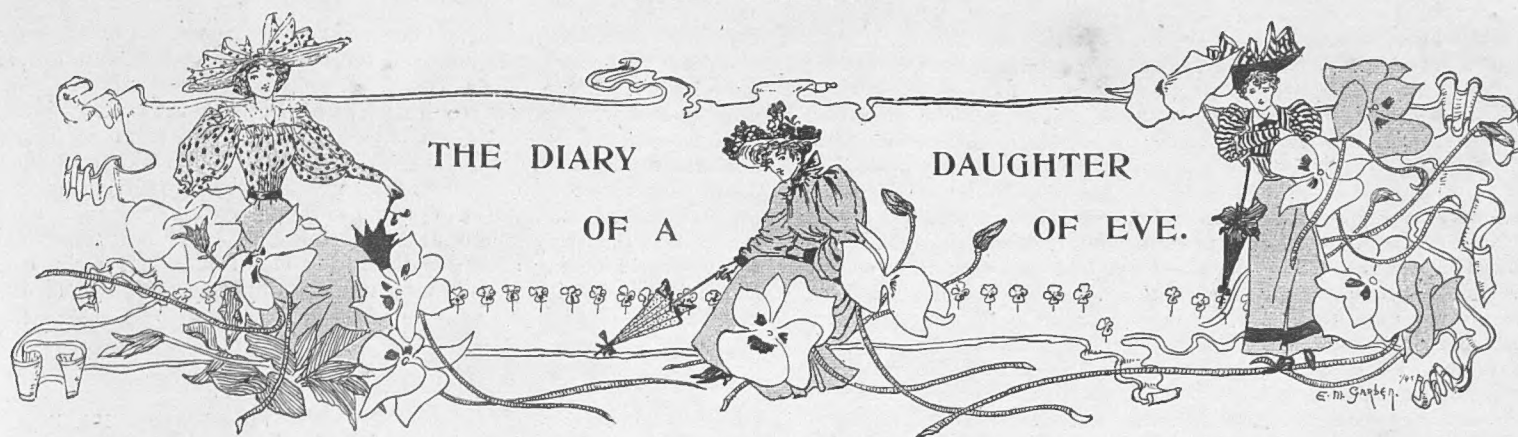
As I hinted in this column some months back, Lord Falmouth is about to put a few horses in training, under the care of Mr. Matthew Dawson, who is, without a doubt, the Prince of Trainers. Lord Falmouth has devoted many years of his life to his military duties, but he has kept a small breeding stud, and has always taken an interest in the Sport of Kings, as his father did before him.

CAPTAIN COE.



THE FOURTH HOLE IN THE NORTH SURREY GOLF LINKS, NORBURY.

Photo by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.



Monday.—To the St. James's Theatre to admire Miss Neilson's terracotta travelling-coat, with its braids of black traced with silver sequins, and to yearn for the privilege of copying the sleeves in her white evening-dress, these being formed of straps of diamonds fastened with emerald cabochons—goodly sleeves they are, and they show such goodly

velvet ribbon to rest on the hair. She is a sweet-looking girl and a charming actress, but I don't like any of her frocks.

But let me to my chiffons, and observe once again how badly most of the women do their hair in London, and that now they have taken to decorating it the general effect is even worse. They never seem to study



MISS JULIA NEILSON'S EVENING-GOWN AND WHITE REP DRESS.

arms! I wish I could persuade Miss Fay Davis not to wear that red Tam-o'-Shanter hat in the first act—it is so unbecoming to her pretty face. I should like to personally conduct her to a little establishment that I know and buy her a rustic straw hat, red, if she insists upon it, but personally I should prefer it of biscuit-colour, trimmed with a wreath of green oats and a bunch of scarlet poppies at one side, a bow of black velvet ribbon to tie these together in the front, with choux of black

the outline of their head at the back or at the sides; merely to recognise in the looking-glass how they look in the front, and then they rest content. In the auditorium there were many aigrettes worn of flowers, and many tufts of feathers, pink, blue, mauve, and black ostrich-feathers all obtaining recognition on the heads of the fashionable. There was an elderly gentleman at the back of me soliloquising obtrusively on the inconvenience of having to dodge two white feathers, an osprey, and a

bunch of violets before he could get a glimpse of the stage. It must have been annoying to have such obstructions placed in full view of Julia Neilson, who certainly is lovely, and certainly looks it.

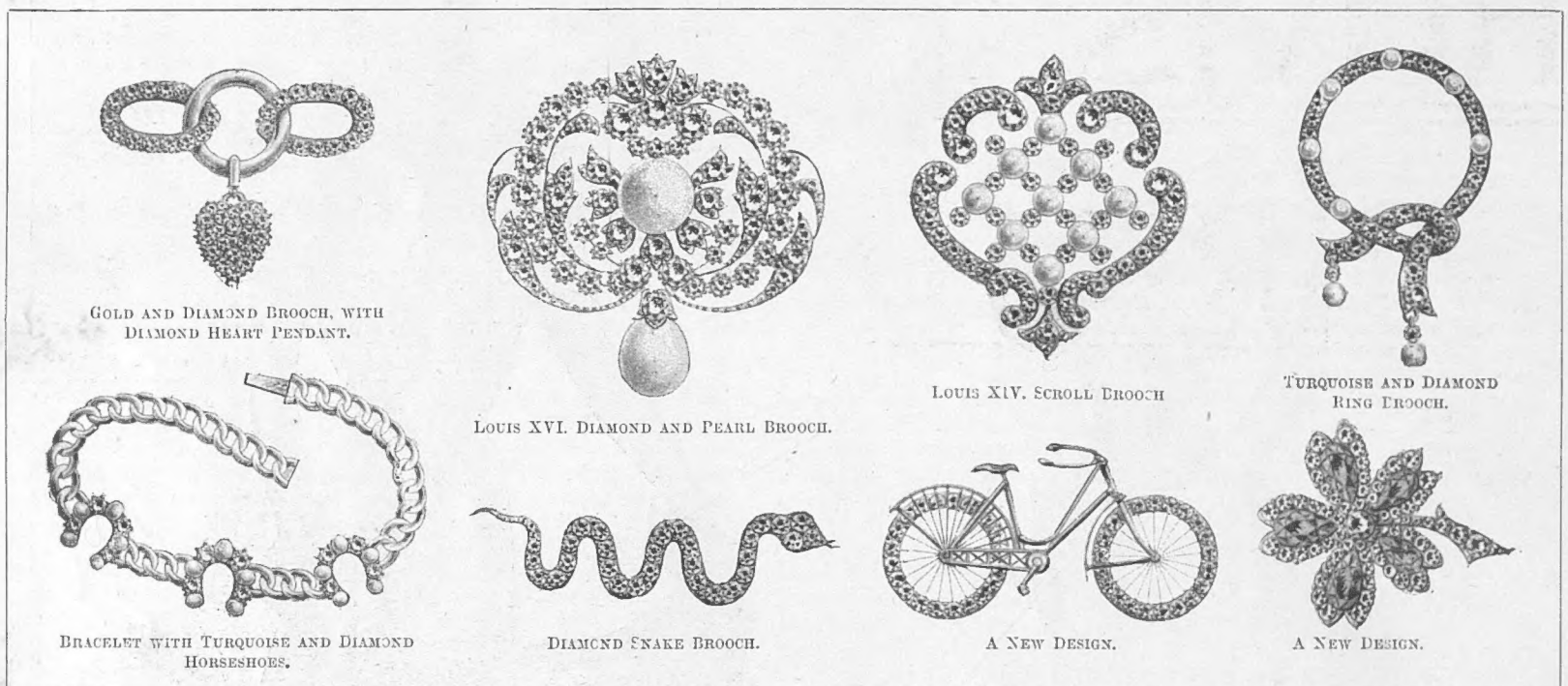
Wednesday.—Some people are born great, others achieve greatness, others, again, have it thrust upon them. I have had mine thrust upon me this morning by a letter from Scotland urging me to the immediate purchase of a wedding-present for "the dearest little woman in the world," and I am compensated for the trouble by sweet words of appreciation of my beautiful taste, my unflinching promptitude, my remarkable amiability. I know I possess all these virtues—I am told so every time one of my relations wants me to do anything. However, the purchase of a wedding-present is rather a joy if you can do it at someone else's expense, and have been advised that jewellery is the desired. Jewels appeal to me. I have always wondered if the woman of Biblical fame who was far above rubies was above diamonds too; she could not have been above those to be met at the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company's, 112, Regent Street, for they are quite lovely, many of them set in flexible settings, and making most attractive necklaces in single rows tied in the front with a loose sort of knot with pear-shaped pearls at the ends. All the jewellery is loose and careless. I met a delightful bracelet set like this, with three horseshoes of turquoise and diamonds, and a Louis Seize scroll-brooch of magnificent detail, with a wondrous centre stone and a pendant pearl; a diamond snake brooch was rather fascinating, and a gold and diamond brooch with a diamond heart pendant I promptly sent up to Scotland on approval as a little gift for the bridesmaids. It vied for my best affections with a turquoise and diamond ring-brooch, with a knot with pearl pendants.

excellent trimming for the clothes of the very young. But it is the clothes of the rather young, or even the middle-aged, which interest me more keenly. I love Julia's black frock made in soft satin, dotted from waist to hem with tiny jet sequins. The bodice is of net treated in the same fashion, and the *décolletage* is outlined with festoons of jet beads, and motifs of the jet sequins forming epaulettes on the shoulders. Julia's shoulders, capable in everyday life of bearing every burden, are capable, in the evening, of being bared to the burden of Fashion. As I said before, I am very fond of Julia this morning. And now there is a pile of letters looking at me reproachfully, and I must get me to the pleasing task of assisting other women in the way they should go on the road to ruin.

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

FUCHSIA.—I was at the International Fur Store the other day, 163, Regent Street, and saw a capital notion which might be adapted to the renovation of a sealskin coat. The bodice was of fur, and the sleeves and basque were of soft leather hemmed with fur, and round the waist was a narrow jewelled belt. There was a very slight pouch in the front, and the collar turned up round the throat to fasten with tails. This model was in sable, but there is no reason it should not be adapted to your sealskin in combination with brown leather. I should prefer the lining of ivory-white brocade. Take your coat to 163, Regent Street, and see if you like the model I suggest. I should not recommend it to anyone less slim than you.

TESS.—Set that *crêpe-de-Chine* into tucks round the figure from a lace yoke with tight lace sleeves, and fasten the lace and *crêpe-de-Chine* down one side with diamond buttons—Parisian diamond buttons. This company, whose work, I must tell you, received first prize at the Victorian Exhibition, makes a specialty



NOVELTIES BY THE GOLDSMITHS' AND SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY.

A diamond buckle brooch is new, and a Louis Quatorze pearl and diamond scroll and trellis had charms I could not deny. I chose for that little gift ultimately, after much wandering about and looking and longing and generally enjoying myself, which you can do at 112, Regent Street, even if you do not wish to buy anything—but what woman would not wish to buy everything?—a diamond hair-ornament of quivering tendency, capable of being worn either with or without an osprey. I hesitated between this and a diamond comb for some two hours, more or less, expecting the amiable assistant who was serving me to anathematise my indecision, but he continued to smile sweetly all the time, and ultimately the aigrette won, and ever since I despatched it I have been sitting down envying its recipient and realising once again that matrimony has some advantages.

Friday.—Julia has arrived. I went to see her this morning, and the room was strewn with parcels, many of them addressed to me. I am very fond of Julia to-day; there are more parcels to come from Paris, so she tells me. At the present moment I am rejoicing in the possession of quite the most beautiful Louis Seize bow in velvet arranged to wear in the hair. She tells me that the like is much patronised in the City of Clothes. Also, she has given me three belts of divers and delightful detail, one made of large green cabochons linked with cut-steel medallions, another in bright green leather studded with turquoise beetles, and a third of black velvet embroidered in diamonds. Whoever said Julia was not a nice woman? She has bought herself a frock of dark violet cloth hemmed with astrachan, with the bodice decorated in groups with little pipings fastening down the front over double frills of white poplin. This is supplied with a wonderful purple leather belt, fastened with an oxidised buckle studded with amethysts and malachite. She has bought the babies wonderful frocks, too, and a charming pelisse made of white bengaline trimmed with grebe feathers—grebe is an

of buttons copied from old designs. As I know a girl who has possessed a set for some months, I can speak highly of their virtues. The belt I should choose would be black velvet ribbon, with a diamond buckle in the front, and the blue and white skirt would admirably complete the entire costume. You might improve it further by a pink rose tucked into the band. The hat is a difficult question to decide. I wonder how you look in drab; this would go with all these dresses—a drab felt with a large pheasant's head and pheasant's tail at one side, a roll of white and a roll of drab velvet to be round the crown of the hat, which should have an indented crown and a soft brim. If a bandeau is necessary to make it becoming to you, you might cover this with shaded orange velvet rosettes or chrysanthemums.

KITTY CLIVE.—There is at the present moment in Marshall and Snelgrove's in Oxford Street a pale blue silk blouse, set into tucks meeting in vandykes, with double frills down the front, and a short frilled basque. This costs sixty-three shillings, and would look charming worn with a skirt of the pattern you sent me. For that loose travelling-coat you want, why not have a dark blue cloth, three-quarter length, in the sac shape, with ordinary coat-sleeves, lined with squirrel of a superior quality, using with it your sable cuffs and collar? A sable toque with a black brush osprey at one side, and a bunch of violets at the base of this osprey, would be a comfortable and becoming hat. You can get those reindeer gloves you want from the London Glove Company, 45A, Cheapside. I do not know their exact price, but I think it is seven or eight shillings; but they last for months, and they are most delightful to wear.

CYRILA.—Have a white fox boa on that theatre-cloak; it will have all the effect you want, and not require any professional adjustment. At the Grafton Fur Company's, 164, Bond Street, they have some wonderful white fox boas, ranging in price from £2 10s. to £5, some of them with the head, others without, but they are of very fine quality and most becoming. You will find, with the assistance of one of these, that the cloak will require no alteration. The plaid blouse is quite permissible under its present conditions. A green leather belt with an oxidised buckle, I should advise. This you can get from Peter Robinson's, in Oxford Street, and at the same establishment you will find a reefer-coat for the little girl; indeed, I like these better than any style. The boa I should advise for that grey coat would be of chinchilla, and she should have the muff to match, and for these again let me recommend you cordially to the Grafton Fur Company.

VIRGINIA.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Nov. 9.

HOME RAILS.

In view of the remarkably satisfactory traffic returns achieved by the principal English railways up to date, in face of such serious disadvantages, as, for instance, the partial paralysis of trade caused by the engineering dispute, it is surprising to observe how little speculative activity there is shown in Home Rails. The time is approaching when railway dividend forecasts will be the order of the day, and in the meantime we give the following interesting table, which shows in the first column the aggregate traffic increases of the twelve principal English railways for the portion expired of the current half-year; and in the second column the increases which were made in the corresponding half of 1896 over 1895. It will be noted that, without a single exception, the present increases come on the top of increases a year ago. It is true that the increases in the earlier period produced somewhat disappointing results in net profit; but it does not seem likely that this feature will recur with the same prominence, and the gross results are surprisingly good under the circumstances—

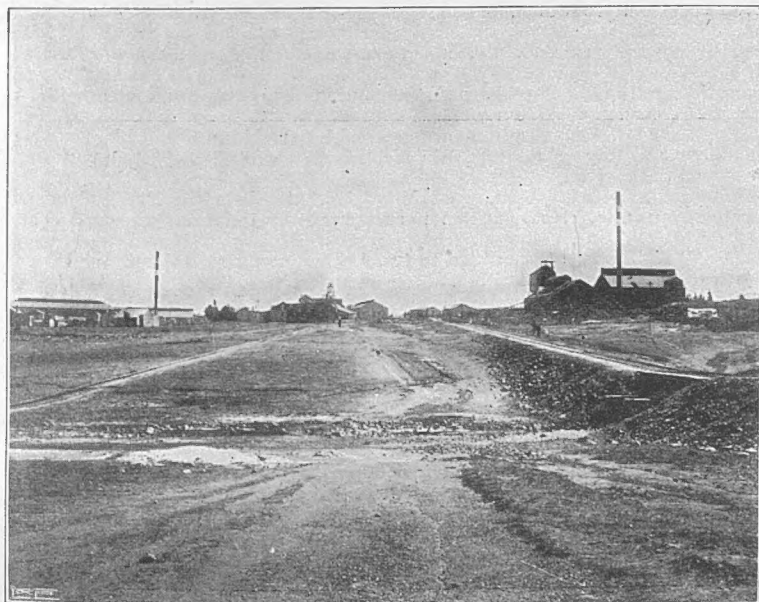
SEVENTEEN WEEKS' TRAFFICS.

Name.	Increase. Second Half of 1897 compared with 1896.	Increase. Second Half of 1896 compared with 1895.
*Great Central	£ 23,751	£ 7,099
Great Eastern	74,842	53,429
Great Northern	54,296	41,423
Great Western	152,130	89,930
Lancashire and Yorkshire	4,452	42,102
London and North-Western	101,238	126,504
London and South-Western	65,981	35,749
London, Brighton, and South Coast	32,791	3,911
London, Chatham, and Dover	7,436	12,475
Midland	104,045	74,802
North-Eastern	110,520	99,958
South-Eastern	45,528	10,831

* Late Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire.

THE TUBELESS TYRE COMPANY.

Despite the loss of £26,000 which the balance-sheet of the Tubeless Tyre Company shows, the shares have been much stronger in the market for the past ten days. It is whispered, with what truth we do not know, that an arrangement will be come to between the Dunlop Company and the Tubeless whereby the present disastrous litigation on the subject of patent infringement will be put an end to, and a licence under the Bartlett patent granted. For the last eighteen months the combatants have been very much like wrestlers walking round each other and waiting for a chance to get the correct grip; neither felt quite sure of its ground, or the ultimate issue when the real struggle in court took place, so that it is not by any means unlikely that it would pay both to compromise the case. Victory for the Dunlop Company would mean practically extinction to the Tubeless, while, if the judgment were in the latter's favour, the monopoly which the big concern has almost acquired would be broken down beyond repair. The great patent lawyers engaged on both sides are, we have been told, by no means confident as to the result if the matter is fought out, and



NEW PRIMROSE MINE.

Photo by Barnett, Johannesburg.

everything points to the current gossip having a foundation in fact. As a gamble, Tubeless shares are worth buying at present prices.

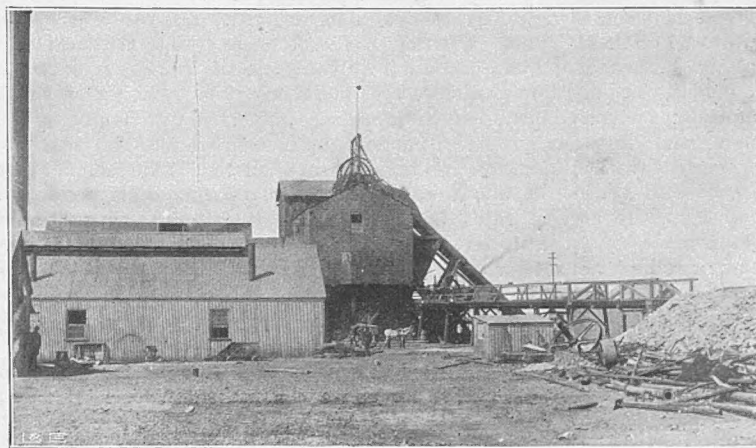
THE RAND.

Our Johannesburg correspondent sends us the following letter, which will be followed by a further one dealing more in detail with the various

mines over whose destinies the great firm of Barnato Brothers wields a commanding influence.

THE BARNATO GROUP OF MINES.

Taken as a whole, the Barnato group of mines in the Transvaal have been under a cloud for the past eighteen months. The late Mr. Barnato, albeit shrewd and far-seeing, erred on the score of over-sanguineness, and he did not foresee the difficulties with which the mining industry in Oom Paul's country was to be beset. True, the dynamite and railway monopolies, and most of the



GLENCAIRN MINE.

Photo by Barnett, Johannesburg.

other grievances which the industry is fighting to-day, were in existence two years ago, when Mr. Barnato was at the height of his fame, and when it was the fashion to speak of Rand mining as a great and progressive industry, which was to go on conquering all impediments and was to suffer no serious set-back for many years to come. It was the fashion in those days to believe that the industry was itself omnipotent to continue bringing down working costs, chiefly by means of large reduction plants. It is now admitted that, as a result of the zeal in the boom year for lowering costs by means of bigger batteries, numbers of properties are now over-stamped; but this by the way.

Mr. Barnato went on erecting batteries on numerous properties, many of them low-grade, apparently forgetful of the fact that there was a point below which it was simply impossible, under existing conditions, for mining companies themselves to lower costs. The incidence of taxation in the Transvaal presses with undue severity on the mining industry, and Mr. Barnato, in his praiseworthy eagerness to exploit the mineral wealth of this wonderful country, simply made the mistake, possibly made by every leading man on the Rand at one time or other, of overlooking in his calculations the certainty of the fiscal policy of the Boer Government coming to be more acutely felt the keener became the struggle of the mines to pull down costs to a minimum. While costs have been steadily falling since the first year of the fields, Government imposts, or charges due to the administration of the Government, are higher, both relatively and actually, than they ever were before.

It was comparatively a small matter to the City and Suburban Company—to give an illustration—that the Boer Government of 1887 exacted considerable sums from the mines when the company's total costs then were over 70s. per ton. Even in 1893 and 1894, when costs at this mine were still well over 30s. per ton, the Government exactions were relatively more moderate than they are now. To-day this company has reduced its costs to 23s. per ton, but the Government imposts, having grown from year to year, are now out of all proportion to the other items making up this 23s., and are, consequently, pressing with increased severity upon the company itself, upon its shareholders, and its employes. Naturally it is upon low-grade mines that this mistaken fiscal policy of the Transvaal Government tells most severely, although even mines once regarded as rich, but now crushing a lower grade of ore through the necessities of big reduction plants, are also feeling the pinch of excessive Government imposts. When the average yield from a mine falls anything under 30s. per ton, it is found that Government exactions stand dangerously in the way of any return being made to shareholders.

Numbers of the Barnato properties are low-grade, yielding considerably less in some instances than 30s. per ton, and it will readily be understood that in the struggle with adverse conditions, including the attitude of the Boer Government, it has been found advisable to close down some of them. With costs at a reasonable level, practically every one of the Barnato group of mines would pay. Some of them are now returning handsome profits, and these, of course, would be increased with improved economic conditions in the country. The following is a list of the mines controlled by the house of Barnato which have reached the producing stage, with the number of stamps at each: New Primrose, 160; Glencairn, 160; New Rietfontein, 50; Rietfontein "A," 50; New Spes Bona, 40; New Croesus, 120; New Unified, 60; Aurora West United, 50; Kimberley-Roodepoort, 40; Langlaagte Royal, 140; Consort Consolidated Mines (Barberton), 20; Balmoral, 60; Ginsberg, 40; Buffelsdoorn, 170; and New Heidelberg Roodepoort, 40. Numbers of these batteries have been erected within the past year or two, and the enterprising house is busy with fresh exploitation schemes, so far as is warranted by the condition of the country. The list does not include the Barnato holdings in deep-levels—those of the Barnato Consolidated Mines being considerable—or (with one exception) in what are known as outside districts, such as Klerksdorp, &c.

The immediate future of numbers of the Barnato companies depends entirely upon the adoption of the Industrial Commission's Report by the Volksraad. Low-grade properties in every part of the Transvaal, it is universally admitted, can only be made to yield reasonable returns to shareholders by the carrying out of the economic reforms recommended in this Report. With the reforms in force, every mine named above will yield good profits, sufficient to justify the most sanguine anticipations of the late Mr. Barnato. If the reforms are withheld, so far from there being an improvement in the country, things will inevitably go worse, by the further withdrawal of coin and confidence.

While the industry has been clamouring for the Boer Government to lighten its burdens, the mining companies themselves have been doing all in their power to reduce the costs of working, hence the increased profits of late. The Barnato companies show well in this respect. The New Primrose is working at a rate of about 18s. per ton, including all charges, and earning monthly profits of about £15,000. The Rietfontein "A," just started, is earning over £10,000 a month with 50 stamps; the Ginsberg, with 40 stamps, keeps up over £7000 a month; the Glencairn, it is expected, will clear £15,000 monthly when its large mill is at

work; the Balmoral will make about £5000, and so on; but further details must be held over.

We reproduce a view of the New Primrose mine and one of the works at the Glencairn.

CANADAS.

There are very few stocks that have attracted much attention of late, but among the few, Canadian Pacifics stand out prominently. The traffics have been quite phenomenal. For forty-one weeks out of the company's year the increase in gross receipts has been 2,157,000 dollars, and for the forty-first week by itself the gain was 204,000 dollars. The result has been to create a sort of a boom in the shares, which were run up to 85 or thereabouts. But they have not been able to maintain that giddy eminence, and the quotation at the time of writing is only 82. Canadas, for market purposes, are included among American Rails, and the company is subject to the same influences which govern the movements in these. Hence it is not at all surprising to find that the specially favourable harvest traffic which has led to this wonderful gross increase has brought about complications involving, as is predicted, reductions in freight rates for grain. From this it follows as not improbable that the gross increase may disappoint the "bulls" in their product as net profit. The C.P.R. is somewhat erratic in its dividends, and also in its financing. For the year ending Dec. 31, 1894, the fixed charges were 6,589,379 dollars; for the following year, 6,659,478 dollars; and for 1896, 6,708,084 dollars. The accounts of the company from their method of construction were apparently never meant to be understood, but, so far as we can make out, for 1894 there was paid 694,487 dollars as contingent interest; nothing under this heading for 1895; and 203,890 dollars for 1896. The dividends were reduced between 1894 and 1896 by about 270,000 dollars. For Imperial purposes there is no question as to the immense value of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and on this ground it was heavily subsidised in a sense by the Canadian Government. Its own mileage is nearly 6500 miles. Its common Capital Stock is 65,000,000 dollars, and its other obligations in Preference Stock and Funded Debt and guarantees amount in round figures to 162,000,000 dollars, or say, £32,400,000. Mutual concessions between the Government and the company for the privilege of railway construction in the Klondyke district, on the one hand, and for reduced grain freights on the other, are understood to account for the recent market movements in Canadas.

CYCLE BRAKES.

Among the new cycle inventions which are likely to come before the public, we hear that a company is to be shortly brought out to exploit a new invisible brake operated by rotating the handle-bar, and the invention of Mr. Alfred Williams, of the Redditch Cycle Company. It is said that the brake does not require to be held, that all the parts are concealed in the tubes of the machine, and by an ingenious brush arrangement gravel or other loose grit is removed, and the tyre protected from all ordinary sources of brake damage. If everything that is claimed for the Williams brake is found capable of being supported by practice, it should have a good future; but, until we see the capitalisation and other details of the prospectus, it is quite impossible to pronounce a decided opinion as to the desirability of the company as an investment.

BRAZIL.

"Will Brazil default?" is the question which is being seriously asked at the present moment. It is useless to deny that the affairs of this country are in a most critical state, and, if the language used by the Leader of the Opposition in the Chamber of Deputies can be relied upon, the finances of the country are in a most hopeless condition. Certain allowances, of course, must be made for the utterances of this gentleman, who, it appears, is the ex-Leader of the Government Party in the Chamber of Deputies. Even then, however, there does not seem to have been any rejoinder of a reassuring nature forthcoming from the Government. The speaker above referred to describes the country as being "on the verge of bankruptcy," and on the "verge of ruin," while, according to another authority, the revenue receipts for 1896 and 1897 will probably be 44,000,000 dollars less than the Budget estimate. In view of such strong expressions of opinion, it is not surprising to find the price of Brazilian securities sliding downwards. At the time of writing, the 1889 bonds have fallen about 10 points from the highest quotations touched during the present year.

The truth of the matter is, that when the revolution broke out and the Empire fell, there was a great tendency among the provinces to break away into separate States, and the Central Government being weak, had to bribe them with various sops out of the Central exchequer to keep the country together, with the result that it is very doubtful if there is enough general revenue left to enable the country to meet its liabilities.

"MORE SLACK THAN COAL."

The wild efforts which the people behind the Kent Coal business are making to get out, have been well exemplified by the prospectus of the Kent Collieries Corporation, Limited, which, with a modest capital of one and a-half millions, tried to get itself floated a few days ago.

A syndicate was formed some years ago, certain bores have been put down, and two shafts are in course of being sunk. The results of the boring shows that in any event no coal can be got under about 1150 feet, and, in our opinion, that no payable coal is likely to be touched short of about 2200 feet; yet when the deepest of the shafts has only been pushed to an admitted depth of 500 feet, the whole enterprise is offered to the long-suffering British public for the modest sum of a million and a quarter sterling, of which over three-quarters of a million is to be paid in cash. We have seen not a few audacious proposals in our time, but

this Kent Coal concern is far and away the most audacious. Of a truth, its audacity is like unto the audacity of Arthur Burr!

The public response to the Kent Coal appeal has been of the most modest description, how modest it is hardly necessary to particularise. Let us hope the underwriters who have got "stuck" to the extent of 75 per cent. will get out with no more loss than might reasonably have been expected. We advise our readers not to relieve them.

ISSUES.

R. Bell and Co., Limited.—This match-making company is issuing £60,000 5 per cent. first mortgage debentures, part of which are to be applied in redemption of the present debentures, amounting to £35,000, and the balance is apparently to be used to develop the business. So far, so good; but the prospectus contains a very significant omission which can hardly be an accident. We are told that certain dividends have been declared, but there is no certificate of profits. Surely, if a company is inviting the public to lend money at a fixed rate of interest, the profits for the last three years, duly certified by the auditors, should find a conspicuous place in the prospectus. Books of reference fail to supply the required figures.

The Jarrahdale Jarrah Forests and Railways, Limited.—With a gigantic capital of £400,000, this concern is being offered to the public, which, we hope, will fail to respond. The modest sum of £370,000 is asked for the property, the final figure of which might well have been dispensed with. West Australian gold promotions are for the time out of fashion, so we are being offered timber, which, in our opinion, at the prices promoters are putting upon it, is even more dangerous.

Saturday, Oct. 30, 1897.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INTERESTED.—As to the Jointless Rim shares, we really know no more than that the company did a good business last year. It appears to us over-capitalised, but the future depends on the cycle trade during the coming season, of the prospects of which you can judge as well as we can. The Railway shares will very likely prove a good investment in the long run, but we expect they will be cheaper before that happy time arrives.

CECIL.—We should hold Nos. 1 and 3, but sell No. 2. It is quite possible that the mines we suggest holding may never prove payable, but both are well situated and might at any time turn out trumps. The board of No. 2 would be enough to put us into the list of sellers.

CAVALRY.—We can get no price for the shares of either company on the Stock Exchange. We think both are probably valueless; but with mines the unexpected often happens.

GLASGOW.—We cannot hold out hopes of recovery in the case of this Brickworks concern, which, we fear, is gone past praying for. The circumstances under which the recovery of the Slate Quarry money took place are absent here; but if you get any more circulars about amalgamation or reconstruction, write to us before answering them. If you care to send us the papers you have got, we will show them to the solicitor who was successful in the other case, and ask him to see if he can do any good for you.

S. G. AND CO.—Thank you for your second letter. If you would like us to help you in your Victory fight, send us the facts, and we will gladly write a paragraph or two on the subject.

CALEDONIAN.—It is quite impossible to tell what a dissentient will get in such a case as you state. He is entitled to such a price as the assets show his shares to be worth. Thus, suppose a company with 100,000 shares and assets worth £50,000, the dissentient is entitled to 10s. a share, and this is the principle upon which the arbitrator ought to act.

J. W. AND SONS.—Your letter has been handed over to the Editor, who will, no doubt, send you the information you want.

SOLD.—We have passed your letter on to the solicitor who was successful for our other correspondent.

A. J. B.—(1) The concern is unknown, and not even mentioned in any book of reference. (2) The highest price last year was 48½.

Westralia and East Extension Mines, Limited.—We are asked to insert the following information, received by cable on Oct. 28, 1897—

24th October; 20 Stamp Mill. We have cleaned up after a run of 469 hours, crushed 1222 tons, yield of smelted gold 1317 oz.; an average sample of the tailings assayed 106 grains. This will include 130 tons at 4 dwt. per ton. Mill running steadily at the present time.

The result of working from Aug. 28 to Sept. 26, 1897, is as follows—

Bullion Return 1209 oz., estimated value...	£4497
Mines Cost, including Local Administration	2103

Leaving a profit of £2394

We understand that the whole of the advertising in connection with the English Sewing Cotton Company, Limited, being a combination of all the principal Sewing Cotton firms in England, has been placed with Walter Judd, Limited, of 5, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. This will be one of the largest and most important industrials likely to be brought out this year.